The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BY THE SEA.

Backward and forward, under the moon,
Swings the tide, in its old-time way;
Never too late, and never too soon;
And evening and morning make the day.

Backward and forward, over the sands,
And over the rocks, to fall and flow;
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have sped the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
But here, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall distinguish their voices aright?

For their separate burdens of hope and fear
Are blended now in one solemn tone,
And only this song of the waves I hear,
"For ever and ever His will be done."

Backward and forward, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow:
And evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and comfort, peace and strife,
Pain and rejoicing, its moments know;
How from the discords of such a life
Shall ever the clear music flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne,
Sweeter than chime of vesper bells,
"For ever and ever His will be done."

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

"OH! SPARE HER! TAKE MY LIFE INSTEAD."

CHAPTER XXXI.—*Continued.*

Casting from her the flowers she had been trifling with, she uttered shriek upon shriek, running wildly and beseechingly backwards and forwards, from her brother to her cousin, who both stood spell-bound with surprise and grief.

"Where have you hid him? Give him to me. You shall not kill him; no—no—no! I say you shall not hurt him! Warren! Warren! 'tis Sansuta calls. Murderers! He never injured you. Take my life—not his! Warren! Warren! Oh, do not keep him from me. See, that is his blood upon your hands—his eyes are closed in death! It is you, wretches, that have murdered him. No, no; stand back—I would not have you touch me whilst your hands are red with his blood. Back! back! I will find him!—No, you shall kill me first!—I will find Warren Rody! Help, help! save me from his murderers!"

With renewed screams of agony that struck horror into the listener's hearts, the girl eluding their grasp, darted away into the forest.

At a signal from Wacora, Nelatu started in pursuit.

"May the lightnings blast all who have brought about this! Fool that I was just now to feel pity for the pale-faces; nothing that revenge can accomplish will make up for this. Here, I swear to take vengeance far more terrible—vengeance to which that of last night shall be but a mockery!"

With these words the young chief hastened away from the spot, followed by Maracota and the messenger.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"SPARE HER! SPARE HER!"

The opportunity of this vengeance was already close at hand.

Within the space enclosed by the Indian tents, under guard of some warriors, stood a group of pale-face prisoners.

It consisted of several men, and among them a young girl.

Wacora stopped on perceiving the group.

His features were illumined with a savage joy.

One of the chiefs, advancing, reported their having been captured while attempting to escape through the adjoining forest.

"What's to be done with them?" he asked.

"They shall die by torture!"

"The girl?"

"She, too, shall die! Who is she?"

"I don't know."

Turning to Maracota he propounded a similar question.

Maracota was equally ignorant of the person of the captive.

The chief ordered her to be brought before him.

With an undaunted step, although evidently suffering from debility and sorrow, the girl allowed herself to be led along.

Once in Wacora's presence, with a modest courage, she gazed into his face.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Your prisoner."

"When were you captured?"

"About two hours ago."

"You were trying to escape?"

"I was."

"Your companions—who are they?"

"I know nothing of them, except that they are people belonging to the settlement. They were kind to me, and endeavored to help me in my escape."

"You know your doom?"

She answered, sadly—

"I expect no mercy."

Wacora, struck with this reply, felt an interest in the courageous girl, which he could not account for.

"You have been taught to think of the red man as a remorseless savage?"

"Not as remorseless, only as revengeful."

"Then you acknowledge that we have just cause for revengeful feelings?"

"I did not say so."

"But you implied it."

"All men have enemies. The truly great are the only ones who can forego revenge."

"But savages must act according to their instincts."

"Savages—yes. But men who know right from wrong should act by their judgment."

"If I spared your life you would still consider me a savage."

"My life is nothing to me. All those I loved are now dead."

"Your mother?"

"She died when I was a child."

"Your father?"

"Was killed last night."

Wacora seemed lost in thought as he said, half aside—

"So young, and yet with no fear of death!"

The young girl overheard the muttered soliloquy, and made answer to it—

"To the unhappy death is welcome."

"Unhappy?"

"I have told you that all I love are dead."

"Yet death is terrible."

"Your name?"

"Alice Rody."

With a cry of fiendish delight, Wacora grasped the maiden's arm.

"You, the daughter of that accursed man—the daughter of that demon in human form! Then, by the Great Spirit above us! by the ashes of my ancestors! you shall die! My own hand shall inflict the blow."

As he uttered these words, he drew a knife from his belt, and was on the point of sheathing it in her heart, when his arm was seized, and a voice, full of agony, vibrated in his ear,

"Spare her!—oh! spare her! Take my life instead."

"Nelatu!"

"Yes, Nelatu; your cousin—your slave, if you will—only spare her life!"

"You forget her name."

"No, no; I know it but too well."

"You forget that her father has been the accursed cause of all this misery?"

"No; I remember that too."

"Then you are insane thus to beg for her life. She must die!"

"I am not insane. Oh! Wacora, on my knees I implore you to spare her!"

"Rise, Nelatu; the son of Oluski should not bend his knee to man. At your intercession, her life shall be spared!"

Nelatu rose from the ground.

"You are indeed our chief, Wacora. Your heart is open and generous."

"Stay, yet, before you mistake me. I give you her life; but 'an eye for an eye!' She shall suffer what Sansuta has suffered; spare her life, but not her honor."

"Wacora!"

"I have said it. Here"—turning to the assembled warriors who had been amazed witnesses of the scene—"this is the child of our enemy, Elias Rody. I have, at Nelatu's entreaty, spared her life; I bestow her upon the tribe; do with her what you will."

Nelatu leaped before the advancing braves.

"Back!" he cried. "The first who lays hands upon her, dies!"

Wacora gazed upon his cousin.

In his breast rage contended with wonder.

"Heed him not; he is insane."

"No, not insane."

"Speak; what then?"

"I love her! I love her!"

The young girl, who had stood like a statue throughout all the previous scene, gave a start, and cowering to the ground, buried her face in her hands.

To Wacora the words of Nelatu were no less surprising.

Turning to the shrinking maiden, he said,

"You hear what Nelatu says? He loves you."

She murmured, faintly—

"I hear."

"He loves you. Wacora, too, has loved. That love has been trampled upon, and by your wretch of a brother! Yet still it shall plead for Nelatu. His request is granted. You are spared both life and honor, but must remain a prisoner. Conduct her hence!"

"And these?" asked a warrior, pointing to the other prisoners.

Wacora's heart, touched for an instant by his cousin's pleading, as well as by Alice Rody's heroic bearing, became again hardened.

He replied—

"They must die! Not by the torture, but at once. Let them be shot!"

The brave fellows, disdaining to sue for mercy, were led away from the spot.

Soon after he heard several shots that came echoing from the woods.

His captives had been released from all earthly care.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RUIN AMONG THE RUINS.

The Indians' encampment near Tampa Bay was broken up.

The women and children, attended by a few warriors, had departed for the town.

Alice Rody, a prisoner, went along with them.

Wacora, Nelatu, and the rest of the tribe, joined others of their race in the war which was now rapidly spreading over the whole peninsula.

For a time the Seminole tribe led a wandering life.

The varying successes or defeats of the protracted contest entailed upon them both vigilance and activity.

It was, therefore, only occasionally that the cousins were enabled to visit the town in which their people permanently resided.

Sansuta had now seldom any relapses of her fits of violent madness.

She was silent and melancholy, and wandered about wrapped in her own bewildered thoughts.

Alice, although a prisoner, was suffered to come and go as it pleased her.

Nelatu's love for the pale faced maiden made no progress.

A wan smile was all the reward the Indian youth received for his patient devotion.

He felt that his passion was hopeless, but still he nursed it.

To Sansuta, Alice indeed proved a guardian angel.

At first the Indian girl repelled the tender solicitude expressed by the white maiden, and with an alarmed look seemed to dread even her voice.

In time, however, won by the magic of kindness, she sought the company of the captive, and in her presence seemed happy.

Often they would stroll away from the town, and in some quiet spot pass hours together—Alice in silent thought, Sansuta in such childish employment as stringing beads, or making baskets with the flowers and tendrils of the wild vine.

A favorite haunt with them both was the old fort.

Amongst its ruins they would seat themselves in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

And thus was their time tranquilly passed, while war was raging around them.

But the first storm of conflict had been passed, and was succeeded by a temporary calm.

The pale-faces had abandoned the smaller settlements and detached plantations, and in the neighboring towns awaited the arrival of the Government troops on their way to prosecute the campaign throughout the whole peninsula.

The Indians had sought their respective rendezvous, there to mature plans for a more perfect organization.

Nelatu and Wacora had returned home, for such was the title Wacora now gave to the place where Oluski's tribe had their permanent residence.

The exigencies of the contest had compelled the withdrawal of his own warriors from his father's town, and the two tribes, Oluski's and his own, had become fused into one powerful community.

The chief's feeling towards his captive had undergone a marked change.

He no longer wished to harm her, and had she demanded from him her liberty, he would have granted it freely.

Of what use is liberty to the homeless?

Alice Rody had become careless of her freedom—nay, in a manner, preferred her captivity to the uncertainty of an unknown future, where no kindred awaited her return, no friend stood expectant to receive her.

A sense of security—almost contentment—had stolen into her heart.

Time had done much to assuage the terrible sorrow from which she had suffered.

It was a wonderful transformation to the once high-spirited girl who had shown such energy and fortitude in the midst of danger.

So thought the young chief, Wacora.

To Nelatu it was a negative happiness. She had not energy to chide his ardent devotion, but submitted to it passively, without bestowing the slightest encouragement.

One lovely afternoon Sansuta, conducted by Alice, strolled to the ruined fort.

Arrived there, Sansuta proceeded to embroider a pouch she had commenced to make.

Alice, seated on a fragment of stone, watched her companion's trivial employment.

As the Indian girl nestled close to the pale-faced maiden, she seemed on the point of fainting.

She had grown thinner during the last few weeks, and her hollow cheeks were tinted with a hectic flush.

"Rest your head on my lap, Sansuta."

As Alice spoke, she gently caught the poor girl in her arms.

"I am tired, oh, so tired!" said Sansuta.

"You must not walk so far as this another time. We must seek some place nearer to the town."

The Indian girl did not appear to heed her, but commenced singing softly to herself.

She paused abruptly in her song, and looked up into her companion's face.

"Last night I dreamed I was in another land, walking along a footpath. It was strewn with lovely flowers. On both sides were beautiful creeping plants, over which bright butterflies sailed. There were two birds—such birds—their plumage of silver and gold. I heard music. Was it the land of the Great Spirit? Do you think it was?"

"Who knows? it might have been!"

"There I met my father. Not stern as our warriors are, but sad and weeping. Why did he weep?"

Alice was silent. Her own tears hindered her from making answer to the artless question.

"When I saw him weeping, I, too, wept, and kissed him. He spoke kindly to me; but why did he weep?"

Still no answer from her listening companion.

"Then I dreamt—no, I cannot remember what else I dreamt—yet there was some one else there. I seemed to know his face, too; but a great storm arose, and all became dark, and I grew frightened. What was that?"

"Alas! Sansuta, I cannot read my own dreams, far less yours."

But Sansuta had already forgotten her questions, and was again singing softly to herself.

Presently she stopped once more, and putting both arms around Alice's neck, murmured that she was tired.

The pale-faced maiden kissed her, and, as she did so, the tears from her eyes fell on Sansuta's cheek.

"Why do you weep? Who has injured you?"

Had Alice framed her thoughts into words she would have answered, the whole world; but, instead, she only replied to her companion with gentle endearments, and, at length, caressed her into a gentle sleep.

It was a beautiful tableau for a painter to delineate—beautiful—but at the same time sadly impressive.

A young Indian chief, who had been a silent witness to it, must have thought so, by the sigh that escaped him, as he turned his away.

Wacora was the chief who thus sighed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STRANGE CHANGES.

Wacora's love for Sansuta had long since changed into pity.

A new feeling now possessed his heart.

A new love had arisen from the ashes of the past.

Alice Rody was the object!

He had at first been struck with admiration at her courage; afterwards he had witnessed her discretion and tenderness, and then noted her beauty.

His thoughts, thus stirred, soon ripened into a passion far stronger than respect.

Pity and love had exchanged places within his bosom.

He and his captive had done the same.

The girl was free; her gaoler had become her prisoner.

This new phase of feeling was not accomplished suddenly.

It grew silently and slowly but surely.

One thought troubled Wacora.

It was Nelatu's admiration for Alice Rody.

He saw that she cared not for his cousin, but he forebore to urge his suit, out of compassion for Sansuta's brother.

His love, therefore, was speechless, and his captive was unconscious of it.

But what of her?

She, too, had changed.

By one of those marvellous transformations of which the human heart is capable, Alice Rody not only became reconciled to her residence among the Indians, but even found much that interested her, even to the awakening of pleasant thoughts.

Many of the Seminoles were, as has been stated, well educated, and with education had come the usual chastening influence.

This was especially true of the young chief Wacora, and she had not failed to observe it.

Her first reflection was what he might have been had he been brought up amongst her own race, for, although she had not been told of his mother being a white woman, she did not doubt that he had white blood in his veins.

What might not a man of his intelligence, chivalric courage, and purity of thought have become in a society where civilization would have developed all these mental qualities.

The question was a natural one when viewing only the advantages which high culture presented; but its obverse was unfavorable, when considering that civilization is often an approach to barbarism through selfishness and rapacity.

She answered the query herself, and favorably for him. This mental questioning once commenced did not pause, but went on to farther consideration of the character of the young chief.

His thoughtfulness seemed as much sprung from regret at the compulsory warfare he was waging against her race, as the noble enthusiasm with which his soul was filled.

The heart of woman easily yielded its admiration to an enthusiast!

The motive may be condemned, but the spiritual essence of thought that prompts to action still remains to be admired.

It will then be seen that the first abhorrence had given place to interest; and interest had ripened into—

Into what?

There was no answer to that question. As it came before Alice Rody's mind she evaded it, and strove calmly to consider Wacora as her captor.

But it soon seemed impossible to look upon him in this light.

No *preux chevalier* could be more courteous in his bearing—no prince more calmly conscious of his own birthright.

His was of the oldest patent. Whether

thinking so or not, he was one of Nature's noblemen.

A few months had wrought these marvellous changes in the personages of our tale, and upon Wacora's sudden departure to the scene of war, both he and the captive felt a strange void in their hearts unaccountable, because novel.

Nelatu, whose hope of winning the regard of the pale-faced maiden had sunk into a calm state of despair, departed with his cousin, hoping that in the field of battle he might find a still calmer rest.

His fate, wrapped in the dark mystery of the future, was veiled from him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PEACEFUL WARNING.

The summer had waned into autumn.

With the changing season came also a change over the hapless Indian maiden, Sansuta.

Her weakness, which had been continually increasing, was now so great that she could no longer stray with Alice to their favorite haunts.

The poor girl's form had wasted away, and her features become shrunken. Her dark, lustrous eyes alone seemed to retain their vitality.

All her former violence had disappeared, and a change had also made itself manifest in her mental condition.

Now and then she had lucid moments of thought, during which she would shed torrents of tears on Alice's shoulder, only with the return of her malady would she appear happy and at peace.

Towards sunset of a lovely day the two girls sat together at the door of Sansuta's dwelling.

"See!" said the Indian girl, "the flowers are closing, the birds have gone into the deep forest. I have been expecting some one, but he has not come yet. Do you know who it is?"

"No, I do not."

"'Tis Warren. Why do you start and tremble? He will not hurt you. Who was it you thought I meant?"

"I cannot tell, dear Sansuta."

"No one but him—I think of him always, although," she added, lowering her voice to a whisper, "I dare not call his name. I'm afraid to do that. I'm afraid of my brother Nelatu, and my cousin, Wacora. Why does the sun look so fiery? It is the color of blood—blood—blood! That red color, is it on *your* hands, too? Ah, no! *You* are no murderer!"

"Hush, Sansuta! you are excited."

"Ah, yonder sun! Do you know that I feel as if it were the last time I should ever see it set. See, there are dark lines across the sky—ribbed with bands of black clouds. It is the last day—the last day—"

"I see nothing, only the approach of night."

"But you hear something. Don't you hear the spirits singing their death march over Oluski's grave? He was my father—I hear it. It is a summons. It is for me. I must go."

"Go? Where?"

"Far away. No; it is of no use clasping me to your heart. It is not Sansuta's body that will leave you—it is her spirit. In the happy hunting grounds I shall meet with him—"

A few moments after she became tranquil; but the lucid interval succeeded, and hot tears coursed down her hollow cheeks.

Again her mind wandered, and for two or three hours, refusing to enter the house, she sat muttering to herself the same fancies.

Alice could but sit beside her and listen. Now and then she sought to soothe her, but in vain.

By-and-by Sansuta's voice grew faint. She seemed to lean heavier on the arm of her palefaced friend, and the lustre of her eye gradually became dimmer.

The change was alarming, and Alice would have risen and called for help, but an imploring glance from Sansuta prevented her.

"Don't leave me," she murmured, gently.

Her voice was changed; she had recovered reason, and her companion perceived it.

"Do not leave me. I shall not detain you long. I know you now—have known you it seems for years. I know all, for there is peace in my heart towards all, even to those who took his life. Forgiveness has come back with reason, and my last prayers shall be that they who made Sansuta unhappy may be forgiven!"

She spoke in so low a voice that it was with difficulty her companion could hear what she said.

"Kiss me, Alice Rody! Speak to me! Let me hear you say that Sansuta was your friend!"

"Was—*is* my friend!"

"No—let me say *was*, for I am about to leave you. The time is come; I am ready! My last prayer is 'Pity and Forgiveness! Pity and—'"

By the gentle motion of her lips she appeared to be praying.

That motion ceased, and with it her unhappy life!

Alice still continued to hold her in her arms long after her soul had passed into Eternity!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BURNT SHANTY.

The ghost of Crookleg did not in any way disturb Cris Carrol, either sleeping or awake.

The worthy backwoodsman believed that he had done a highly meritorious action in for ever disposing of that malevolent individual.

"The infernal black skunk, to be cuttin' his capers over the bodies of brave men who had laid down their lives in a war he, and sich as he, brought about! It were no more nor an act of justice to send him to everlastin' perdition, and, if I never done a more valyable thing to society than stickin' three inches of cold steel atween his two shoulder-blades, I think I desarves the thanks of the hul community."

This consolation Cris indulged in whenever he thought of that terrible episode upon Tampa hill.

He had returned a few days after the massacre and had found the dead decently buried.

Wacora had commanded it to be done.

The charred ruins of Rody's house, however recalled the memory of that eventful night.

For some time after his last visit to Tampa Bay, Cris Carrol had not been seen.

Neither the palefaces nor the redskins had been able to discover his whereabouts.

The truth is that the backwoodsman was glad to get away from scenes where so much violence had been done to his feelings.

As he had said, he *couldn't* fight against the Indians, and he *wouldn't* take up arms against the whites.

"It ain't in human nature to shoot and stab one's own sort, even when they're in the wrong, unless they'd done somethin' agin oneself; an' that they hain't done as regards me. I'll be eternally dog-goned if I think the red-skins are to blame for rising up agin oppression and tyranny, which is what old Rody did to them, to say nothin' agin him now he's dead, but to speak the truth, and that's bad enough for him. No, they war not to blame for what they did, arter his conduct to them—the old cuss; who, bad as he war, had one redeemin' feature in his karactur, and that war his angelic-rous darter. Where kin she have gone a hidin'?

"That puzzles this chile, it do."

Cris was unaware of Alice's capture and imprisonment.

As suddenly as he had taken departure from Tampa, Cris returned to the same neighborhood. He expected the war to be transferred to a more distant point, and wished still to keep out of the way.

"It's the durned'st fightin' I ever heard on," said he to himself; "first it's here, then it's there, and then it ain't nowhere till it breaks out all over again where it was before, and they're as far off the end as I am from Greenland. Durn it, I never knowed nothin' like it."

On his return to Tampa, he found the country around altogether deserted. Most of the buildings and the planter's house had been destroyed, even his own wretched hut had been burnt to the ground.

"This is what they call the fortun' of war, I 'spose?" he remarked, as he stood gazing at the ruins. "Wal, it war a ram-shackle crazy ole shanty anyhow, and I allers despised four walls an' a roof at the best o' times—still it war 'home.' Pshaw!" he added, after a moment's silence, "what have I to grow mollonchelly about, over sich a place as this—calling it 'home,' when I still have the Savannas to hunt over an' sleep upon. If thar's such a place as home for me that's it, and no other."

For all his stoicism, the old hunter sighed as he turned from the blackened spot which marked the site of his former dwelling.

He paused at the bend of the road, where Crookleg had first met Nelatu, to gaze again at his ruined home. Not only paused, but sat down upon the self-same rail that the negro had perched upon, and from gazing upon it, fell to reflecting.

So absorbed was he in its contemplation, that contrary to his usual custom, he took no note of the time, nor once removed his eyes from the subject of his thoughts.

He did not perceive the approach of a danger.

It came in the form of four individuals who had silently and stealthily crept close to the spot where he was sitting. Before he knew of their proximity, he was their prisoner.

"Red-skins!" he exclaimed, struggling to free himself.

His captors smiled grimly at his vain efforts.

"By the eternal! I'm fixed this time! Darn my stupid carcase for not havin' eyes set in the back o' the head. Wal, you may grin, old copper-skins, it's your turn now—maybe, it'll be mine next. What are you adoin' now?"

Without deigning a reply the Indians bound his arms securely behind him.

That done they made signs to him to follow them.

"Wal, gentlemen!" said Cris, "yur about as silent a party as a man might wish to meet—darn me, if you ain't. I'm comin'.

"Much obleeged to you for your escort, which I ked a done without. Thanks to your red-skin perliteness for nothin.' Go a-head, I kin walk without your helpin' me. Where are ye bound for?"

"To the chief," answered one of the men.

"The chief! What chief?"

"Wacora."

Cris uttered an emphatic oath.

"Wacora, eh? If that's the case, I reckon the days o' Cris Carrol air drawin' to a close. The fiercest and most vengeful cuss of them all, I've heard say. Lead on, I'll go along with ye willin, but not cheerful. If they kill me like a man, I'll not tremble in a jint; but if it's the torture—there, go a-head. Don't keep the party waitin'."

Brave heart, as he was, he followed them with as bold and free a step to what he believed to be his death, as if alone, and at liberty on the Savanna.

The Indians, without exchanging a word, either among themselves or with him, proceeded in the direction of Oluski's town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MIDSUMMER.

Around the lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

☞ A very strange account comes from Madagascar, of the burial of the late Queen; the body was swathed in nearly five hundred silk lambas, in the folds of which 20 gold watches, 100 gold chains, rings, brooches, bracelets, and other jewelry, together with 500 gold coins, were rolled. All the presents she had received from the Queen and the Emperor of the French were buried with her, and all her furniture and personal effects. Bad for the heirs.

☞ One of the chief peculiarities of the Missouri bottom is said to be the great growth of sun-flowers. For miles and miles they extend in unbroken and profuse luxuriance and utter uselessness. They were first brought there by the Mormons, when they were emigrating westward from Nauvoo, and have since spread until they have extended for a thousand miles along the river.

☞ Mrs. Rachel Posey, whose husband was a soldier under General Washington, died at Valley Forge, Pa., a short time ago, at the good old age of 102 years and 10 months.

☞ The Western Rural says that the parings of cucumbers will disperse roaches.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 12, 1868.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

Our Sewing Machine Premium.

We shall not be able to supply the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE as a Premium, after the First of January next. Those who particularly desire that machine had therefore better send on their Premium Lists as soon as possible.

After the First of January, 1869, we shall supply the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE to all those who are entitled to the Sewing Machine Premium, *on precisely the same terms* as we have heretofore supplied the Wheeler & Wilson.

The retail price of the two Machines is the same in New York and Philadelphia—and many persons prefer the Grover & Baker Machine. In our own family we have used the Grover & Baker Machine for the last ten years, and are well satisfied with it.

Of course, if any person entitled to a Sewing Machine, wishes the Grover & Baker Machine before the first of January, we can furnish it. In one word, up to the first of January, we shall furnish either; after that time only the Grover & Baker Machines.

TWO NEW NOVELETS.

In our next number, that of September 19th, we design commencing two new novelets:—

"THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH."

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

This is a story of adventures in the Mexican Wilderness, by the distinguished writer, Gustave Aimard. And

"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT.

This is a story of Society, by that fascinating writer, Miss Prescott, whose stories of "How a Woman Had Her Way," and "The Dead Man's Rule," have attracted so much attention in the "Lady's Friend."

New subscribers will find the beginning of these novelets an excellent starting point to commence subscriptions to THE POST. Price $2.50 a year (including our beautiful new Premium Engraving, "THE SONG OF HOME AT SEA;") or, to those desirous of taking THE POST six month on trial, we will send it for *one dollar*.

SPECIE PAYMENT.

It has been our belief, as our readers know, that the resumption of specie payment by the general government, has been needlessly postponed; and that the government could have commenced the redemption of the greenbacks in gold and silver, immediately at the close of the war, as well as it can be done five or ten years afterwards.

This view has recently been endorsed by the Treasurer of the United States, General Spinner, in a published letter. He gives it as his opinion, that if the Secretary of the Treasury, at the close of the war, had made a simple announcement of his intention to resume specie payments, the legal-tenders would thenceforward have been at par.

Let doubters simply call to mind a few facts. The banks of this country have repeatedly resumed specie payments when they had not more than one dollar in gold and silver to five or six dollars of their notes in circulation. Now the government has had at certain periods during the last three years, nearly $100,000,000 of coin to about $400,000,000 of legal tenders. And, besides, the credit of the United States is far superior to that of any bank.

The Secretary of the Treasury had simply to announce that he would resume specie payments in three months, to cause a rise in the value of greenbacks with every passing week, until probably before two of the three months had elapsed, the greenbacks would be equivalent to gold.

For the moment that you can get gold for your greenbacks, nobody wants the gold. Confidence is all the people want—and the longer a resumption is put off, the more the confidence of the people is weakened.

As to the National Banks, the raising of the greenbacks to par would give them a basis upon which those which have been prudently managed could resume also.

And in this connection, our readers will see at once the necessity of accumulating a large amount of gold in the Treasury. Just for the same reason that a bank must always have a large amount of specie in its vaults, in order to give the people confidence in its notes, so must the government. The Secretary of the Treasury should again accumulate at least $100,000,000 of gold and silver, even if he has to obtain it by a permanent loan, and then announce that he will resume by a certain period—three months is long enough, and better than six, because it will not give time for those who profit by the present system, to organize an opposition to him.

The result would be a little temporary tightness of the money market, followed by a greater ease than now—because a large amount of specie now hidden away by the masses of the people and by capitalists, would come at once into circulation, and augment the currency by tens of millions.

But the best results would be the placing of all business interests on a comparatively solid basis—thus communicating a fresh impulse to trade and industry: and disposing of various troublesome questions as to the constitutionality of the legal-tender Act and the payment of bondholders, by insuring the same currency to all classes of our people.

It seems to us that the immediate raising of the greenbacks to their par value, is the one great financial measure which the interests and character of the country imperatively require. And that to achieve this, only a little courage and common sense are wanted.

TOUGH STORIES.—We see accounts of "ephemera flies" from the Western papers, which would almost seem to transcend belief, and yet which are soberly vouched for. Thus the following from the Peoria Transcript, is endorsed by six gentlemen besides the bridge tenders:

"Last Saturday night, the June flies came from the river in countless numbers, and, attracted by the lamp at the office of Peoria Bridge, flew to that locality, and fell dead there by millions, until a space three feet long, and as many wide, was piled with them to the height of the door knob, about *three feet* from the floor. On Sunday morning, the bridge tenders procured wheel-barrows and carted away *fifteen barrows full* of the mass of dead insects and threw them into the river. As the flies died and fell, they became matted together, until a barrow full made a good load."

Another account says similar insects flew on to a steamboat going from Peoria to Havana, until the cabin doors had to be closed, and the deck about the doors was piled up six inches deep, so that the passengers could not leave the boat until the deck and stairways were cleared.

These flies are said to inhabit the water for one or more years, or rather the mud beneath the water, and finally after undergoing a transformation, ascend to the surface, cast off their outer skins like musquitoes, and appear as flies. For a few short hours only however. For, whether or not burned to death by some bright flame, their existence is soon terminated by the destined law of their being.

AGRICULTURAL.—We call attention to the Prospectus of the NORTH WESTERN FARMER. We think it a very interesting and useful monthly. We will send it, in conjunction with THE POST, for $3.00 a year (excluding our Premium Engraving) and for $3.50 a year (including the Premium Engraving.)

NEW YORK TRADE SALE.—This annual sale of books, stationery, &c., will commence on Thursday, Sept. 10, and continue during eight days. Invoices from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Hurd & Houghton, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Nelson & Son, Claxton, Remsen & Co., Appleton & Co., Sheldon & Co., and A. G. Bohn will be sold.

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.—We call attention to the advertisement of this Microscope. We consider it a very excellent one. Its magnifying power is very great.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Devoted to the Development of the Country. August, 1868. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco. This is the second number of a new monthly, published in California. It contains articles on "Art Beginnings of the Pacific," "A Californian Abroad," "Scalping as a Fine Art," "Chinese in California," "Farming Facts for California Immigrants," &c. These articles are very well written, and have a Pacific freshness about them which is quite delightful. We are glad to see our California brethren so ably represented.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR. The September number is issued. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

☞ A CHINESE LOVE SONG.—Chin Sun, of Mr. Burlingame's Embassy, is the probable author of this little song, which we transpose into Roman characters. The sense may perhaps be evident upon close inspection:

Ho veag irlwi thalm ondo yes
Ands almo ncolo redno se
Sheh asaq ueue ofre alsto rehair
He relu bfe etha ve not oes.
On birdsne stso upan dpup pyd ogs
Shef atte nau pandg rows
Sofa stit ta keste nmil liu ers
Towi deno uthe relot hes.

Ho veto si tdow nby hers ide
Anddr ink You nghys ont ea
An dpu tmya rmar oundt hepl ace
Whe rehe rwai atou ghtto be.
Thew aysh esmi lesal lov erie
A can tionfo rtos ee
She'lln eve rbem ybet terh alf
Fo rahe'd ma kot eno fme.

☞ The New Bedford Standard says:—"Elder Moses How, of this city, has probably united more couples in marriage than any other clergyman in this vicinity, having officiated Friday evening to the happiness of the 1,800th pair. Elder How is 79 years of age, and has been in the ministry 54 years. The funerals he has attended number 3,172.

☞ Economy led a man in Ohio to be sparing of grease for his threshing machine. Friction caused it to take fire and burn up two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat and one hundred bushels of oats.

☞ The newest freak of fashion visible on Broadway is in the shape of a necklace made of a band of black velvet, fitting tightly to the throat, from which depends a number of small gold or gilt bells. What with the Grecian bend and these musical appendages, street spectacles are in a fair way to outshine those of the legitimate drama.

The Seventeen Year Locusts Again.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR.—I see in THE POST of August 1st, that "*An Old Observer*" finds fault with some of our Eastern papers for styling the locusts, which in the spring appeared in the Eastern parts of Pennsylvania, the "*seventeen year locusts*," remarking that they might as well be named "twenty-five year locusts," &c. After which "Old Observer" goes on to show that these insects have "a regular cycle of their own," which by his observations of their appearance he says he finds to be "*thirteen* years." As proof of which he gives a list of locust years, covering a period of better than a century and a half, in which they either have appeared or will in future yet appear, including therein the year 1868 as one of said cycle years.

Now all this appears on the face of it very true and well authenticated information; and yet, I must say that, by my own experience, I find that the period of the reappearance of the locusts in one and the same parts of the state of Pennsylvania is no other than *seventeen* years. In confirmation of this my assertion I will state that they have appeared in Berks county and other eastern counties of this state in the years 1800, 1817, 1834, 1851, and the present year, (1868,) and it may be expected that they will visit there again in the year 1885; whereas in what is now called Snyder county (where I at present reside) and other central parts of the same state, the years 1804, 1821, 1838 and 1855 were locust years, and their next appearance with us (in middle Pennsylvania) will be in 1872. Thus at both places regularly reappearing in a period of seventeen years; but in the last mentioned parts always four years after their appearance in the former. In the western parts of this state (I am informed) their appearance is regularly one year after their appearance in the eastern parts thereof, and therefore they may be expected again in the said western parts of our state next year (1869.)

It appears by this that these insects do not make their appearance at all places in one and the same year, but have certain ranges wherein they do appear after regular periods of seventeen years; appearing in different parts of the United States in quite different years, but at each place after the same interval, which probably is the very thing that has led our "Old Observer" astray. He says that to his "certain knowledge" they had appeared in Kentucky in 1816; again (probably in another part of Kentucky) in 1829. Again, in Tennessee in 1842. Again, in Illinois (mark the difference of places) in 1855. Again, in Illinois (I conjecture in a different part thereof) in 1868. Perhaps he moved so that he always hit these locust years at these different places of their regular seventeen years' periodical visits there. I am of the opinion that if carefully observed, these insects do appear in each and every year in some part or another of our continent, but at no part thereof in a less period than once in every seventeen years.

With all due respect, I will ask "Old Observer" to inform me whether the two appearances of the locusts which he notices to have been in Kentucky in the years 1816 and 1829 were at one and the same part of that state; and if at different parts, in what counties or sections thereof; also, whether the two appearances of them in 1855 and 1868 in Illinois was in the same part of that state. Also, I think it would be quite interesting to the public in general to be informed from all the various parts of our large country (both North, East, South, West and centres) whether all parts thereof are visited by these periodical insects, what the period of their reappearance is at each section thereof, and which years in the present century, for each range, have been the locust years. Respectfully remaining,

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Female Beauty.

Revive the beauty of bygone ages, and you will revive all the beauty and the ugliness of those days; for there must have been a good deal of ugliness, otherwise the beauty would not have been so forcibly appreciated. Had there been more pretty girls in the days of Troy, Helen would have had few suitors, and Ilium might have been standing yet. What I mean to say is this: in those days people dressed so that unless their features were almost perfect they were literally nothing. All the minor graces which set off a mediocre person now were perfectly unavailable under their system of costume. But imagine for a moment all your acquaintances dressed in this way. Would not the majority be frightful? How few faces and complexions would stand that binding back of the hair; how few forms could show to advantage beneath the simple robe, without stays or stiff petticoats; how few feet would be endurable in sandals; how few arms would bear the noonday suns and the sharp winds, which would soon turn them to the pattern and form of a washerwoman's! Perhaps the old Jewish costume worn by Rebecca and Rachel may have been a shade better, but there was the same exposure of neck and arms, with the additional disadvantage of a robe that showed a leg encased in hideous hose and boots, and that refused to sweep with Grecian amplitude around the limbs of the fair wearer. Cleopatra, who is represented as being both dark and stout, could wear only the robes of white or purple, and the heavy diadem of strings of pearls that were allotted as the garb of Egyptian princesses. How dark and uncomely must have been the majority of her countrymen may be judged from the sensation she made. The Roman ladies were famed for their stately carriage and somewhat large, but noble features; and when to these charms they added regularity, delicacy and beautiful color, no doubt their simple, open, coquettish style of dress was very becoming to them; but without the latter qualification, how gaunt and coarse they must have appeared.

TO HUSBANDS.

The edict is spoken!
And skirts shall no more
Of daughters and wives sweep
Society's floor.
But, husbands, rejoicing
Too soon would be wrong;
If the dresses are short,
Still your bills will be long.

☞ Encke's comet can be seen in the east from about three o'clock in the morning until sunrise. In about a month it will appear in the west, a little after sunset.

SLAIN BY MISTAKE:

THE PEDDLER'S STORY.

I do not think I am naturally superstitious; but I have all my life been troubled with a kind of superauricular sense. The sound, as of a human voice, comes to me and syllables words of meaning, when I know that no human being is near, and that the whole must be some kind of mental deception. I remember once, when quite a lad, living at home with my parents in Paris, I heard the words—

"Pierre Boisant, prepare for sorrow!"

What followed? My father at that time was accounted a rich merchant. Three weeks after he was a bankrupt. If I had been the most imaginative person in the world, I could not have presaged this.

Three years after the same words were repeated. I was then alone, on the road to Troyes, engaged in the humble calling of peddler, to which my father's misfortunes had reduced me. I felt that something serious was about to happen, and I took the first conveyance back to Paris. I hastened to my father, and found him dying, and my poor mother almost distracted with grief. She was surprised to see me; but when I told her what brought me home, she said it must be the voice of the Lord. I did not agree with her in that respect, because I often heard that same voice saying trifling things.

Well, my father died, and my mother did not long survive him, and then I was alone in the world. Seeing nothing better before me, I resumed the humble business of a peddler, and after two or three weeks spent in France, went to Sardinia and established a route for myself among the retired villages of the mountains.

I was now in a region wild enough to suit my romantic turn of mind, and perilous enough to keep me in a state of almost constant excitement. Some of the routes between one habitation and another were so long that one day's journey would not take me through, and then I would be obliged to find my lodging among the caves, rocks, or trees, as best I could. Some of the mountain passes were very dangerous, and a slip or misstep might send one headlong down a thousand feet. And not least of all was the danger from robbers, who might be met where least expected.

For six years I carried on my traffic in that wild region, without any other misfortune than some serious fights and hairbreadth escapes. By this time I felt that, for a young man, I was pretty well off, and thought I would return to Paris and set up shopkeeping; when an event, or perhaps I should rather say tragedy, that happened about that time, fixed my resolution and hastened my departure.

I was going over a very wild and lonely pass of the mountains, the sun being nearly set, when my familiar voice, which had never left me, said, distinctly—

"Pierre Boisant, beware!"

I was alarmed at this warning, because I had never received a warning of the kind in vain. I looked up to the frowning rocks above me, and down into the awful gulf below, and then at the zigzag path I was pursuing, but saw no living thing, except a large black vulture winding its way from one mountain peak to another. I knew the voice was not human, and I felt that there was some impending danger, but what it was, or where or when to look for it, I could not tell. It was not possible for me to remain where I was, and to go back might be as dangerous as to go forward, and so I continued to advance, looking carefully at every step, and glancing nervously at the surroundings.

At length I reached a gloomier place, where it was usual for me, when on this route, to turn down into the dark valley, to pass the night in a little cave, which I had discovered about a hundred yards from the path, and which was so concealed by a clump of bushes that I believed it was known to no one except myself. I found myself instinctively, as it were, moving in that direction. A moment's reflection on the mysterious warning I had received convinced me this was the best thing I could do; for if there was danger, it was most likely from robbers, who were, probably, lying in wait for me on my regular well-known route.

So I went on, slowly and cautiously, till I reached a point directly over the cave. Some bushes which had struggled up from the earth between the crevices afforded me a place of concealment; and crawling into these, I disburdened myself of my pack, spread out my blanket, and proceeded, without attempting to light a fire, to eat the food I had provided for my supper. By the time I had finished my repast the sun had set, and the shades of night were coming on.

"Perhaps I am foolish in taking this precaution."

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through my mind than I fancied I heard voices speaking in low tones. The sounds seemed to come from below. I listened intently, straining my hearing to the utmost, to catch the words, if words indeed they were, for, after all, it might be the breeze playing among the rocks and trees.

For several minutes I continued to hear those sounds, but unable to make out what they were. They ceased, and all was silent. It now became dark; and though I crept to the edge of the rocks, and tried to peer down, it was like attempting to look into some black gulf. My situation was lonely enough; but I experienced a secret satisfaction in being where I was, and not down in the cave, where I rather felt than thought some persons were lying in wait for me.

At length that same low murmur, as of voices, was again heard, and again I listened, with my whole sense of hearing on the stretch. I soon became satisfied that words were spoken—but then came the thought that it might be the mysterious voices I had heard at intervals all my life. However, I was not long kept in doubt, for presently I could distinguish the words, as if the speakers in the cave had come out into the open air.

"It is strange he does not make his appearance," said one voice."

"I do not know how to account for it," replied another.

"Are you sure you saw him?" inquired a third.

"I tell you he was within a mile of here, coming along with his pack. Here he usually passes the night, and why he is not here is more than I can conjecture."

"If he had gone past, we should have heard from the others before this," remarked the first speaker.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "He must be somewhere on the mountain—unless he has fallen over the precipice, in which case we shall find all we want of him in the morning, and be saved the trouble of bloodletting."

"Could he have got near enough to have heard our voices?" inquired another.

"No, for Ricardo is so posted that he would have seen or heard him first."

"Well, then, he may be here yet. Hark! hush! there are steps coming this way now!" said the speaker, in a whisper, which I could just hear, the night being still, and my position directly over the parties. "Now, then, be ready, and let us make quick work of it!"

After this, the robbers were as silent as death, and with feelings that must be left to the imagination, I listened to the approaching footsteps which I knew were mistaken for mine. It was with a shudder, and a strange kind of dread, that I heard steps slowly and steadily approaching, with now and then a slight rustle of the bushes, and the occasional loosening and rolling of a stone. I felt that some human being was moving onward to his doom, and I would have called out to him to beware if I had known I could have saved him with anything short of the penalty of my own life.

I trembled, and the perspiration started out of every pore.

Suddenly there came a wild, prolonged shriek, and the words—

"Oh, heavens! I am stabbed! I am killed! I am killed!"

"Gracious heaven!" cried another, "what have we done?—that is Ricardo's voice! A light here, quick!"

The next moment a light flashed upon the figure of a human being stretched upon the ground, in the last struggles of death.

A scene of consternation and confusion followed when the robbers found they had slain their own lookout, or sentinel, in mistake for me. Some blamed the man who struck the fatal blow, and some the ill-fated man himself, for approaching in the way he did without proper warning. It was finally decided that he had been killed by mistake, and that no one should be blamed for a foreordained fatality. So they took up the body from which the last spark of life had now departed, and carried it away.

I thanked heaven for my own wonderful preservation, and could not but feel that the awful retribution was just.

A Curious Revenge.

Lefebre, a French painter of twenty-five, has now on exhibition in Paris an "Etude de Femme." It is a marvel of beauty, and it is at once a dream of poetical genius and a realization of the perfection of the human form. It is simply a young female lying among crimson cushions; there is nothing to screen a limb or a muscle. Even her hair, which seems to live, is cut short in little curls, and thereby displays a head whose contour combines all that we would dream. The eyes are, perhaps, the most wonderful attraction of the whole picture; they have various expressions, and one believes they move after looking down into the depths for some time. The jury has awarded the highest prize to this master-piece; but then Dumas *fils* has purchased it, and we wager his knowledge in this *etude* excels that of the jury. A good story is afloat about this picture, which has the merit of being true. A beautiful woman of the *haute monde* sat some time ago for her portrait to Lefebre. Not liking the picture, she returned it, and there the matter ended. But the artist's revenge was to come. The grand lady, in lounging through the salons the other day, was unutterably shocked to recognize in the far-famed "Etude de Femme" her own face. Scandal is busy, and those who know her, ask: "Did she pose?" An old lady in gray silk, and muslin about her neck, who ought to be a Quakeress if she isn't one, dear old soul, could not make up her mind upon more than a furtive glance at the "Etude;" she turned away and sighing, said: "It is indeed her face, but I hope she only posed for her face." The dame is furious; but there is no remedy—the picture is already immortal.

GOOD-BYE.

Is that your hand in mine, love,
Or is its clasp a dream?
Life's tide is ebbing fast, love;
I'm drifting with the stream.

Are these your darling eyes, love,
Or are they stars of Heaven?
My own are dim and weary:
All looks alike at even.

Is that your voice that sobs, love?
Are these your tears that burn?
We two at last are parted.
From life and you I turn.

☞ The highest mountain in the world is the Ivy Gamin, 20,459 feet. The highest peak in the world is Mount Everest, 29,000. The highest permanently inhabited place in the world is Ladak, 15,117 feet. The greatest mountain height visited by man is beyond Ivy Gamin, 22,359 feet. The highest point at which a man can ascend, without having his health seriously affected, is 16,500 feet. The highest balloon ascent yet made is 40,000 feet.

☞ I was lately lamenting to a friend of mine, who loves a conceit, that popular applause should be bestowed with so little judgment, and so many empty, forward coxcombs should rise up to a figure in the world; upon which he said, there was nothing surprising in the case. "Popular fame," says he, "is nothing but a breath of air, and air very naturally presses into a vacuum."

☞ Two person of the colored persuasion got into an altercation at New Orleans, when one drew what the other supposed to be a slung shot. The unarmed African at once took to his heels, pursued by his enemy. The latter, overtaking him, flung his "slung shot." Fair and square it hit the mark, covering his head with a soft substance not unlike human brains. The "wounded" darkey stopped instantly, ran his hand over his head, then examined it, and spluttered out, "Blowed if you ain't knocked my brains out, an' dey smells like bananas, too."

☞ A German editor asserts that a new metal has been discovered, the component parts of which are water, glass, and copper: "It is of a deep orange hue, can be melted and cast, wrought under the hammer and rolled. Files will not scratch it. It is translucent, and capable of being wrought into ornaments of rare beauty."

☞ While the Chinese Embassy were at Auburn, N. Y., Mrs. Cady Stanton attempted to convert Chin-Tajin to her woman's rights doctrines, when the wily ambassador gave her a dose of flattery by telling her that "the women of America seemed abler than the men;" and Mrs. S. calls him a wise and intelligent man.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

What the South Wants.

Gen. Rosecrans has written a letter to Gen. Lee relative to the present condition of the South, and asking to be informed as to the sentiments of the Southern people. Gen. Rosecrans says:—

"I want a written expression of views that can be followed by a concurrence of action. I want to know if you and the gentlemen who will join in that written expression are willing to pledge the people of the South to a chivalrous and magnanimous devotion to restoring peace and prosperity to our common country. I want to carry that pledge high above the level of party politics, to the late officers and soldiers of the Union army, and the people of the North and West, and to ask them to consider it, and to take the necessary action, confident that it will meet with a response so warm, so generous and confiding that we shall see in its sunshine the rainbow of peace in our political sky, now black with clouds and impending storm."

REPLY OF GENERAL LEE.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, Aug. 26, 1868.—General:—I have had the honor to receive your letter of this date, and, in accordance with your suggestion, I have conferred with a number of gentlemen from the South, in whose judgment I have confided, and who are well acquainted with the public sentiment of their respective states. They have kindly consented to unite with me in replying to your communication, and their names will be found with my own appended to this answer.

With this explanation we proceed to give you a candid statement of what we believe to be the sentiment of the Southern people in regard to the subject to which you refer.

Whatever opinions may have prevailed in the past in regard to African slavery, or the right of a state to secede from the Union, we believe we express the almost unanimous judgment of the Southern people when we declare that they consider that those questions were decided by the war, and that it is their intention in good faith to abide by that decision. At the close of the war the Southern people laid down their arms and sought to resume their former relations with the United States Government.

Through their State Conventions they abolished slavery and annulled their ordinances of Secession, and they returned to their peaceful pursuits with a sincere purpose to fulfill all their duties under the Constitution of the United States, which they had sworn to support. If their action in these particulars had been met in a spirit of frankness and cordiality, we believe that ere this old irritations would have passed away, and the wounds inflicted by the war would have been in a great measure healed. As far as we are advised, the people of the South entertain no unfriendly feeling toward the Government of the United States, but they complain that their rights under the Constitution are withheld from them in the administration thereof.

The idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes, and would oppress them if it were in their power to do so, is entirely unfounded. They have grown up in our midst, and we have been accustomed from childhood to look upon them with kindness. The change in the relations of the two races has wrought no change in our feelings toward them. They still constitute the important part of our laboring population. Without their labor the lands of the South would be comparatively unproductive. Without the employment which Southern agriculture affords, they would be destitute of the means of subsistence, and become paupers, dependent on public bounty.

Self-interest, even if there were no higher motives, would therefore prompt the whites of the South to extend to the negroes care and protection. The important fact that the two races are, under existing circumstances, necessary to each other, is gradually becoming apparent to both; and we believe that but for influences exerted to stir up the passions of the negroes, the relations of the two races would soon adjust themselves on a basis of mutual kindness and advantage.

It is true that the people of the South, together with the people of the North and West, are, for obvious reasons, opposed to any system of laws which would place the political power of the country in the hands of the negro race. But this opposition springs from no feeling of enmity, but from a deep-seated conviction that at present the negroes have neither the intelligence or other qualifications which are necessary to make them safe depositories of political power. They would inevitably become the victims of demagogues, who, for selfish purposes, would mislead them to the serious injury of the public.

The great want of the South is peace. The people earnestly desire tranquillity and the restoration of the Union. They deprecate disorder and excitement, as the most serious obstacle to their prosperity.

They ask a restoration of their rights under the Constitution. They desire relief from oppressive misrule. Above all, they would appeal to their countrymen for the re-establishment in the Southern states of that which has justly been regarded as the birthright of every American—the right of self-government. Establish these on a firm basis, and we can safely promise, on behalf of the Southern people, that they will faithfully obey the Constitution and laws of the United States, treat the negro with kindness and humanity, and fulfill every duty incumbent on peaceful citizens loyal to the Constitution of their country.

We believe the above contains a succinct reply to the general topics embraced in your letter, and we venture to say, on behalf of the Southern people, and of the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate army, that they will concur in all the sentiments which we have expressed.

Appreciating the patriotic motives which have prompted your letter, and reciprocating your expressions of kind regard, we have the honor to be, very respectfully and truly, R. E. Lee, Virginia, G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana, Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia, Alexander H. H. Stuart, Virginia, C. M. Conrad, Louisiana, Sinton Stephens, Georgia, A. T. Caperton, West Virginia, John Echols, Virginia, F. S. Stockdale, Texas, F. W. Pickens, South Carolina, and 22 others.

—S. B. Chittenden, Esq., the dry goods merchant, is out with a card denying the statement of a Brooklyn paper, that the leading firms in that line of business in New York have resolved to sell no merchandize to Southern customers during the rest of the season, except for cash.

THE ELECTIONS, &c.—Vermont has been carried by the Republicans by a majority of probably 27,000—a gain of 7,000. The vote was very large—both parties polling an increased vote. The three members of Congress are all Republicans.

The municipal election at Wilmington, Del., was carried by the Republicans by an increased majority of about 100 over last year.

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention has nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor.

The Georgia House of Representatives has declared the blacks ineligible to membership, and has unseated 25 of them.

—The statement that there was to be an election in California in September is a mistake. The choice of Congressmen and Presidential electors takes place on the same day, the 3d of November.

—The eleven picked English Cricketers have sailed from Liverpool. They will play one cricket match, instead of two, as previously reported, in each of the following cities:—New York, Montreal, Boston and Philadelphia. They will not play a match at base ball. They are the strongest team of cricketers that could be picked from the leading professionals of England.

—It costs something to get a seat in the English Parliament. The average amount spent by the members of the last House of Commons was $6,440, and the aggregate amount expended was about $3,700,000 in gold, yet no member receives any salary.

—Bayard Taylor and family came passengers from Europe in the Germania. They are in excellent health.

TERRITORY ACQUIRED WITHOUT PURCHASE.—The United States has taken possession of two small, uninhabited islands in the Pacific Ocean, about half-way from the Sandwich Islands to Japan. This is the first acquisition of territory ever made by our government in this manner. The islands are near together, and each is about a mile and a half long, by three-quarters of a mile wide. They are to be known as the Midway Islands.

—The Cattle Plague Commissioners in New York have ordered a rigid inspection of cattle in that city and neighborhood. No new cases of the disease are reported there.

—Wealthy men at the West are investing their money in immense farms. Commodore William F. Davidson, of St. Paul, has just bought seventeen thousand acres of land in Redwood county, Minnesota, which he proposes to devote to the cultivation of wheat.

NEW YORK.—Mayor Hoffman of New York has been nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention. The *Sun* says:—The two candidates for Governor of New York are well matched. Both are young men, both are rich, both are exceedingly good-looking, though not of the same style of beauty. Mr. Griswold is a blonde, with blue eyes, light hair, and mutton-chop whiskers. His movements are graceful, his manners elegant. Mr. Hoffman is a brunette, slender, tall, stately, with fine black eyes tinged with melancholy. His hair is jet black, his brow pale and thoughtful like Hamlet's, his features finely chiselled, his chin smooth and shapely, his mouth intellectual and kindly, his moustache black and impressive, like that of a Spanish grandee or a first-class German metaphysician. In point of personal attractions it would be difficult to determine which of the two candidates ought to have the palm. If the question were left to the ladies, they would find themselves puzzled beyond any precedent in history.

—It is reported that Gen. Meade speaks in the most cheerful manner of the condition of the South and the general good conduct of the people. He remarked to a friend, "I am sure they mean to do right."

—The number of men in the Navy has been reduced to what it was before the war, 8,500.

☞ A slave in Brazil has carved a statue of Cupid, for which he has won the national medal for the best work of sculpture and received his liberty. This is the first instance ever known of the God of Love getting a person out of trouble.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 6000 bbls sold at $5,50@8 for superfine; $8@9 for extra; $9@11 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11,50@11,75 for choice Minnesota family; $8,50@12 for Penna extra family; $11@12,50 for Ohio family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $9,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. Sales of 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red at $2,30@2,35 for good to prime; $2,20@2,25 for fair, and $2@2,10 for common; 8000 bus of choice amber at $2,35@2,40; 10,000 bus of white at $2,50@2,65; 1200 bus of No. 1 spring at $2,08@2,10, and 500 bus of No. 2 spring at $2 ₩ bus. Rye—5000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,60 for new, and $1,65@1,68 for old, and 1200 bus of Southern at $1,25@1,40 ₩ bus. Corn—13,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,28@1,31; 25,000 bus of prime Western mixed at $1,15@1,22, and 2000 bus of white at $1,30@1,32. Oats—40,000 bus of new Penna and Western sold at 70@75c, and 6000 bus of Southern at 50@65c ₩ bus, as to quality.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $20,50@20. Mess Beef sells at $27,50 for city packed family. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams at 25c; sides at 17¼@18¾c, and Shoulders at 14¾@15c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 19@19¾c, and 100,000 lbs of Shoulders at 12¾@12¾c. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs Western at 18@19¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@32c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17¾@18c. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₩ doz.

BARK—85 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $50 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 10@12c, and Peaches at 16@17c for halves.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $40@42, and No 2 at $27@38.

SEEDS—Timothy; sales of 1500 bus at $2,75@3. Flaxseed is selling at $2,75@2,80.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1750 head. The prices realized from 2@9¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4@6 cts ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE NORTH WESTERN FARMER has the heaviest and heartiest endorsement of any rural magazine in America, and it well deserves it.—*Cincinnati Weekly Gazette of Aug.* 18, 1868.

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. sp11-6m

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jc27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Foul breath, so nauseous to every one, and the invariable concomitant of a disordered state of the stomach, is easily corrected by a few doses of these cleansing Pills.

Excellent.

The excellencies of Burnett's preparations have secured such a reputation, that comments are unnecessary.

Ladies and gentlemen will find a variety of useful information in "Burnett's Floral Hand-book" for 1868, embracing among other things, the most complete dictionary of the language of flowers ever published, as well as a descriptive list of the choice preparations of this house. It will be distributed gratuitously.

Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, are the proprietors. They are for sale by all dealers in medicines, perfumers and fancy grocers.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.

aug1-eow10t

What is this Marvelous Antidote to Disease

Which, for TWENTY YEARS, has been winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" under the name of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS?

It is an infusion of the most excellent tonic, antibilious, anti-scorbutic and alterative herbs, roots and barks, in the purified spirituous essence of Rye.

HOW DOES IT OPERATE?

This question may be briefly answered as follows?

It operates

As a.....Powerful Invigorant.
As a.....Preventive of Fevers.
As a.....Genial Stomachic.
As an.....Anti-spasmodic.
As a.....Gentle Purgative.
As a.....Promoter of Appetite.
As a.....Cure for Indigestion.
As an.....Acclimating Medicine.
As a.....Safeguard against Malaria.
As a.....Remedy for Low Spirits.
As a.....Specific for Fever and Ague.
As a.....Cordial for the Aged.
As an.....Antidote to Sea Sickness.
As an.....Anodyne for the Sleepless.
As a.....Wholesale Stimulant.
As a.....Balm for the Weary Brain.
As a.....Relief in Bodily Anguish.

And as a PROTECTION TO HEALTH AND LIFE under all depressing and devitalizing influences.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only tonic in existence, based upon a spirituous medicine that is ABSOLUTELY PURE. sep5-4t

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and Toilet Soaps. The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, add 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

ENDORSED by millions who have used it, recommended by its countless cures, tested by a half century's use, for all purposes to which an ointment may be applied, Redding's RUSSIA SALVE is the best article known. Burns, bruises, scalds, flesh wounds, &c., are healed at once by it. All druggists have it. By mail 35 cents a box. Redding & Co., Boston.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN NEALS to Miss ANN E. FOX HILL.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH R. REED to Miss KATE C. COOK, both of this city.

On the 20th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. THEOPHILUS WILLIAMS to Miss SARAH JANE BOHNNA, both of this city.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Fulton, Mr. JOSEPH STELWAGON, Jr., to Miss AMELIA B. AITKEN, both of this city.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JEREMIAH SARTON to Miss EMMA E. WILLARD, both of this city.

On the 27th of Aug., by the Rev. John Ewing, Mr. AARON S. STACKHOUSE to Miss SARAH HULME, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Aug., CAROLINE W., wife of Joel Cadbury, in her 67th year.

On the 31st of Aug., JOHN L. WEATHERBY, in his 23d year.

On the 31st of Aug., WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, son of Wm. and Mary Amer, in his 2d year.

On the 30th of Aug., ELIZABETH YOUNG, in her 73d year.

On the 30th of Aug., SARAH, wife of Wm. Simons, aged 40 years.

On the 29th of Aug., Mrs. ANNA OLIPHANT, in her 65th year.

On the 29th of Aug., MARGARET HART, in her 63th year.

On the 29th of Aug., SAMUEL B. CREESMAN, in his 80th year.

On the 28th of Aug., GEORGE L. MITCHELL, aged 24 years.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

BY THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

I.

Who hath not sent out ships to sea?
Who hath not toiled through light and darkness to make them strong for battle?
And how we freighted them with dust from the mountain mines!
And red gold, coined from the heart's blood, rich in youth, love and beauty!
And we have fondly sent forth on their white decks seven times a hundred souls,
Sent them out like sea-girt worlds full of hope, love, care and faith.
Oh, mariners, mariners, watch and beware!

II.

See the ship that I sent forth!
How proudly she nods her regal head to each saluting wave!
How defiantly she flaps her white sails at the sun, who, in envy of her beauty, screens his face behind a passing cloud, yet never losing sight of her.
The ocean hath decked himself in robes of softest blue, and lifted his spray flags to greet her;
The crimson sky hath swooped down from her heaven-palace, and sitteth with her white feet dabbling in the borders of the sea, while she sendeth sweet promises on the wings of the wind to my fair ship.
Oh! mariners, mariners, why did ye not watch and beware?

III.

The faithless sky is black,
The ocean howls on the ship's rough track;
The strong wind and the shouting rain swept by like an armed host hooting out their wild battle-cry.
The tall masts dip their heads down into the deep:
The wet shrouds rattle as they seem to whisper prayers to themselves;
But the waves leap over their pallid sides, and grapple and gnaw at their seams.
The poor ship shrieks and groans out her despair.
She rises up to plead with the sky, and sinks down the deep valley of water to pray—
Oh, God! make us strong for the battle!

IV.

What says the mariner, so hurried and pale?
No need to whisper it; speak out, speak!
Danger and peril, you say?
Does your quivering lip and white cheek mean that the good ship must go down?
Why stand ye idle and silent?
Oh, sailors, rouse your brave hearts!
Man the rocking masts, and reef the rattling sails!
Heed not the storm-fires that so terribly burn in the black sky!
Heed not the storm-mad sea below!
Heed not the death-cry of the waves!
Foot to foot! hand to hand! Toil on, brave hearts!
Our good ship must be saved!
Before us lies the goal!

V.

Too late, too late!
The life-boats are lost!
The rent spars have groaned out their lives, and the white sails have shrouded them in their rough beds of death.
Strong mariners have fainted and failed in the terror and strife;
White lips are gasping for breath, and trembling out prayers, and waiting to die.
And the ship, once so fair, lies a life-freighted wreck.
The Promises, Hopes and Loves are sinking, sinking away.
The winds shriek out their joy, and the waves shout out their anthem of Death.
Pitiless wind!
Pitiless ocean!

VI.

Oh, mariners, is there no help?
Is there no beacon-light in the distance?
Dash the tears of blood from your eyes, and look over these Alps of water!
See ye no sails glittering through the darkness?
Is there no help?
Must they die—all die?
So much of youth, so much of beauty, so much of life?
The waves answer with ravenous roar;
They grapple like demons the trembling ship!
Compassless, rudderless, the poor ship pleads,
In vain! in vain!
With a struggling shivering, dying gasp, my good ship sank down, down, down to the soundless folds of the fathomless ocean.
Lost—lost—lost!

A RIDE IN TEXAS.

A writer in the "*Overland Monthly*" gives an entertaining account of a Ride on the Texas Frontier. Travelling on a steamboat from Buffalo Creek to Houston, the large amount of steam carried by the little craft, her ricketty appearance, the reckless style of her captain and engineers, and a convulsive vibration all over the boat, accompanied by strong smells of grease, whiskey and machinery, did not enhance the pleasure I had in anticipation of the voyage. However, one can even get used to being blown up. Ten years' experience of Ohio and Mississippi river-boats had prepared me for almost any manner of craft propelled by steam. If others could stand it, I thought there was no particular reason why I should not. The clerk was kind enough to give me a berth directly over the boilers, which, as the nights were cool, he said I would find "nice and warm." The boat was crowded, and there was no other berth to be had. On that point the clerk was equally accommodating. "It won't make any difference," said he, courteously—"if she blows up, we'll all go where we belong, together. Them that sleeps over the boilers 'll get thar first—that's all!" Surely, there is consolation in fellowship!

All night long the little steamer bumped and thumped her way up the narrow creek, sometimes running dead against the mud-banks and stopping stock still. At these mishaps there was generally a loud roar of laughter, and all hands had to jump out in the mud and push her off. Sometimes she went crashing into an overhanging mass of trees, raking all her light-works, and creating an unpleasant feeling among the ladies that she was bursting up or going to pieces. But the night passed without any serious accident; and when I turned out from my berth, next morning, after a few hours' uneasy sleep, I was rejoiced to find that we were lying quietly alongside the bank of the creek at Houston.

The stage had left for Austin. No seats were to be had within less than a week, owing to the pressure of travel towards the capital. The Legislature was in session, and the people wanted to get rid of old laws and help to make new ones, for it was a remarkable fact, that in Texas the spirit of law-making was quite as strong as that of law-breaking. No people labored with greater zeal to beautify and adorn the Temple of Justice, or had less respect for the results of their own labors.

I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of three gentlemen who were in the same predicament as myself. They wanted to get to Austin without delay, but were unable to procure seats in the stage. One was a Yankee trader, another an old Texan doctor, and the third a hunter, by the name of Johnson, who had left his horse on the Rio Grande. It was agreed that we should club together and hire an ambulance, or light wagon, of which the doctor had already obtained some information. The owner agreed to let us have the wagon and a team of two horses for $100—a pretty heavy price, but not unreasonable under the circumstances, for a journey of seven or eight days to Austin and back.

On the following morning we set out on our trip across the prairies. I was quite enchanted with my first day's experience of this independent way of travelling. We completely won the driver's sympathies by a present of a bunch of cigars, and the privilege of an occasional pull at a large black flask which the doctor carried about him for medicinal purposes, it being, as he observed, "good for fainting spells and the bites of rattlesnakes." The driver was naturally a social sort of fellow, only a little given to fainting spells, resulting, probably, from the bite of a rattlesnake in early life. He also had a bad habit of swearing and chewing enormous quantities of tobacco, but was none the less (take him in the aggregate) a very fair specimen of an independent sovereign of Texas. We called him by his formal title, Colonel Wash. Along the road he was more familiarly known as "Mustang."

On nearing the Brazos river, we descended from the plain into a low strip of bottom land about three miles wide, and densely timbered. The earth was very wet after the winter rains, and we found the road nearly impassible. The worst places were covered with logs, but even this corduroy suit was buried under two feet of mud. Between the improved parts and the wood which was considered good enough in its natural state, there were mud holes through which it was miraculous how horses could pull a wagon at all, or even get out alive once they got in.

In the meantime, the woods resounded with the cries of innumerable flocks of paroquets, and the cackling of chichilacas and wild turkeys; and our journey was enlivened once by meeting a cotton-wagon, at which Col. Wash contrived to make some striking and appropriate remarks. Our ambulance being the lighter body had of course to give way; and it was really a feast of fancy to hear our driver swear. He did not do it viciously or coarsely, as one might suppose, but in a strain of metaphor peculiarly his own—rising at times to the verge of eloquence. I think he must have been born with a natural talent for profanity. There was nothing bad in the man otherwise—unless, indeed, it might be bad whiskey. Both went together very well, for he always swore better after a drink than at any other time. It seemed to refresh him, and give him a new flow of metaphor. It must not be understood that I approve of this vicious habit; but if men will swear at all in one's presence it is satisfactory to have it well done.

It took us two hours of very hard struggling to get through to the bank of the river. There we found a small ferry-boat, but no ferry-man. He had probably gone out hunting after putting the cotton-wagon across. At all events, all the shouting we could do failed to bring him to light; so we were compelled to take possession of the boat, which was on our side of the river, and try to put ourselves across.

By some miscalculation of the force of the current, which was very rapid, we had not proceeded much more than half way across the river, when the water began to run over the upper gunwale of the boat. The rope kept us from drifting down, but the horses, becoming frightened at the noise of the water, began to plunge and back off. Every effort to pacify them was unavailing, and in a few seconds the ambulance had run halfway off; the boat rapidly filled, and we were all floundering in the river. Those of us who could swim struck for the bank, which we gained with considerable difficulty. The Yankee trader clung to the boat, crying out with all his might for help. Col. Wash got hold of the reins, and attempted to swim ahead of the horses, which were frantically struggling to free themselves from the ambulance. The Doctor, Johnson and I gained the bank, and ran along trying to get hold of the driver, who showed signs of giving out. They drifted down about three hundred yards in this way, the horses, wagon and driver sometimes buried under the current and sometimes struggling on its surface, when, by good fortune, they struck bottom and succeeded in getting a foothold. By the united efforts of the Doctor, Johnson and myself, we got them on dry land, rather the worse for the adventure, but not seriously damaged. Col. Wash sat down, a good deal blown, and complained of a faintness. The flask of brandy, together with everything else, had been washed from the ambulance, so that nothing could be done for him. When this discovery was made, he seemed to lose all control of himself, and began to swear in such a manner that it was frightful to hear him. In the meantime the boat had worked itself along the rope to the landing, and the Yankee made good his escape on shore. Whilst we were consulting what was to be done next, I chanced to look across the river, where I descried a man sitting upon the bank—I might almost say an apparition. It was certainly the most uncouth looking object I had ever laid eyes upon—a long, gaunt, sallow man, with long yellow hair, a red shirt, big boots with his breeches thrust in them, a long corncob pipe in his mouth, and a long rifle in his hand. His long face was so dreadfully cadaverous and his form so long and lean, that he might well be the embodiment of the fevers and agues that are said to lurk in these river-bottoms. Seeing that we kept looking at him, he ceased puffing his pipe for a moment, and observed in a nasal tone, "Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your fare—just lay it thar on the bank; four bits for the wagon and two bits apiece for the men!"

A modest request to make, when we were nearly drowned through his negligence!

"Say, Guv'ner!" cried Col. Wash, in a voice of suppressed passion, "be you the ferry-man?"

"I be!" replied the man, giving another puff at his pipe.

"And you want a dollar and a half for putting us over?" shouted Col. Wash.

"I do!"

"Well, then, just draw a check for it on your own bank!" roared Col. Wash in a perfect fury, "and if it ain't paid by the time I get back, I'll settle with you then."

The gaunt ferry-man laid down his corncob pipe, opened himself up like a tall penknife, raised his rifle, examined the priming, set the hair trigger, and then quietly observed,

"Gentlemen—the first man that undertakes to leave them premises without a payin' of his fare, *I'll drap him sure!*"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of this threat. The tall ferry-man was evidently not the kind of a person to be trifled with. There was a fixed look about him and a deliberate coolness in his manner, that sufficiently indicated his determined character. Now, it was evident that our firearms were of no present value, being thoroughly saturated with water—a fact that probably was known to our friend across the river, for he gave himself no apparent concern about the matter. To say that Col. Wash raved would but faintly express his condition of mind in this mortifying emergency. I had not seen him in such a fine vein of profanity from the very beginning of our journey. All this time the ferry-man stood quietly watching us from the other side, manifesting neither impatience nor resentment at the duration or violence of the invectives bestowed upon him. For my part, I was quite willing to pay him. I felt convinced he would kill me if I failed to do so, and considered my life worth more than two bits to the public, if not to myself; so I held up the money that he might see it and then deposited it on a chip, which I laid upon the bank.

"That's all right, stranger," said the gaunt ferry-man, "*you're out!* jist step o' one side."

The Yankee trader had evidently indulged in the hope of escaping this tax, but seeing no alternative now, he deposited his money on the chip and stood off according to order. Next followed the old Doctor, who took it like a philosopher. Johnson seemed composed and powerless from the beginning. A hopeless melancholy was upon him. With a profound sigh he placed his two bits on the chip, remarking in a dejected tone, "My God! if I only had my rifle!" and then passed over. Col. Wash was the last. He was perfectly convulsed with rage, and declared with many extraordinary oaths that he would have satisfaction for this outrage. But what was the use of talking? We were all shivering with cold, and the money must be paid. Col. Wash, with all his bloodthirsty propensities, was evidently no fool. That clause in the ferry-man's address—"*I'll drap him sure!*" was wonderfully impressive. So Col. Wash put his money upon the chip, promising to settle matters on his return.

"That's all right, stranger," said the gaunt ferry-man. "*Gen'rally speakin', I'm on hand here.*" With that he sat down and resumed his corn-cob pipe, apparently quite indifferent to our future movements, or to any projects of vengeance that might enter our heads.

A Wonderful Liar.

A Englishman travelling on the Mississippi, told several rather tough stories about some London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive "umph," and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Gracious!" said the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"

"Never, to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst! What could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing the children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children?"

"Yes. A nigger woman who had none of her own abducted my youngest daughter, and eloped and joined the Injuns."

"Did you see her?"

"See her? Yes. She hadn't ten rods the start of me; but plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair and called for another mug of 'alf-and-'alf, while Case smoked his cigar.

"I shan't go any further West, I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw-mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and saw-logs, too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes; whole dozens of black-walnut logs were spirited off or carried away in a single night. He tried every way to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs, but it was no use. They would whip them away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the cove and even out of the railways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they steal out there—did you ever work in a saw-mill?"

"Never."

"Well, one day my brother bought an all-fired fine black-walnut log—four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two canny Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, built a fire, and then sat down to play keerds, just to keep them awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keerds and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went a-straddle of the log. About a minute after daylight George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"Sitting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt-end which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen and pulled it right out, leaving the shell, and the Scotchers sitting a-straddle of it fast asleep!"

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar-stump into the spittoon, looked at his watch, and said he thought he'd go on deck and see how far he'd be down the river before morning.

The Fortune-Teller.

It was in the year 1788, that I quitted Miclos Var, in Transylvania, to conduct several recruits to my regiment, which at that time, was posted in the environs of Ossawa. I was an Austrian officer—Austria then being at war with the Turks. In a village contiguous to the army lived a Bohemian woman, who supported herself by selling provisions to the soldiers and telling fortunes. My recruits, being extremely superstitious, where anxious to consult her. I laughed at their credulity, and, by way of ridicule, held out my hand to the Sybil.

"*The twentieth of August,*" said she to me, in a very solemn tone, and without adding another syllable.

I entreated her to be explicit, but she only repeated the same words; and as I returned to my tent, she exclaimed in a voice still more emphatic, "The twentieth of August!" It may be easily believed that this date was indelibly impressed upon my memory.

We reached the army, and experienced our share of military danger and fatigue. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their officers had engaged to give a ducat for *every head* that should be brought into camp, consequently both Janissaries and Spahis were emulous to obtain the tempting prize. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced posts; scarcely a night passed that the Turks did not come down in superior numbers in search of heads. Their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and celerity, that they seldom failed in their design, and in the morning it was by no means unusual to discover portions of our camp guarded by *headless bodies*.

To counteract this species of warfare, the Prince of Cobourgh ordered out strong detachments of cavalry, without any lines to protect them. These pickets generally consisted of from one to two hundred; but the Turkish generals, irritated that their men should be disturbed in their traffic, sent to their assistance detachments still stronger and more numerous than our pickets, which, of course, produced to the Musselmen a still more plenteous harvest of heads. This service thus became so hazardous, that it was thought prudent for an officer previous to his departure for picket duty to make his will.

Affairs continued in this state until the month of *August*. Several skirmishes had taken place, but without altering the position of either army. Eight days before the portentous twentieth, I was visited by the Bohemian Sybil. She entered my tent, and earnestly entreated that I would bequeath a legacy to be possessed by her in case I should die on the day she had predicted; in consideration of which, she engaged on her part that should I survive the eventful period, she would gratuitously present me with a hamper of Tokay, which at that time was very valuable in camp by reason of its scarcity.

I really thought the woman had lost her senses. It was true that, in my circumstances, a sudden death was not at all improbable; but there was no reason to suppose that such an accident would occur precisely on the twentieth of August. I therefore agreed to the proposal, and staked two horses and fifty ducats against the Tokay of the antiquated sorceress. This merry bargain was drawn up and formally witnessed by the paymaster of the regiment.

At last came the ominous *Twentieth of August*. It was the turn of our regiment to furnish the picket for the night, and two of my comrades were in precedency to me. In the evening, just as the Hussars were preparing to depart, the surgeon announced to the commander that the officer appointed to the picket was suddenly seized with a dangerous malady. The next in rotation was immediately ordered to replace the invalid. Accordingly he quickly accoutred himself, and came to join his troops; but his horse, which had always been remarkably quiet, turned restive, and reared and plunged so violently that his rider was dismounted and his leg broken.

It was now my turn. I left the camp with the men, but candidly confess my thoughts were not free from embarrassment. My whole force amounted to two hundred men.

Our post was one thousand paces in front of the line, upon our right wing; and close to us was a morass covered with lofty reeds. We were without sentinels. Our orders were not to dismount, but to remain, vigilant and motionless, an hour and three quarters, with sabres drawn and carbines cocked. Presently we heard loud cries of "*Allah! Allah!*" and the next minute every horse in our front rank was thrown to the ground by the onslaught of seven or eight hundred Turks, who also fell in equal numbers from the impetuosity of their own charge and the effect of our carbines. But the Turks were acquainted with the ground, and we were surrounded and defeated.

The greatest confusion ensued, both sides firing at random. I received eight sabre wounds, some from the enemy and some from my friends. My horse was mortally wounded, and falling on my right leg, fastened me to the gory sand. The gloomy scene of massacre was only illuminated, by the flashes from the pistols, by the aid of which I occasionally saw my men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, maddened with opium, made a horrible slaughter. In a very little time not a single Austrian was left standing. The conquerors took possession of the horses which remained serviceable, pillaged the dead and the wounded, and then proceeded to cut off their heads and put them into sacks which they had brought for the purpose.

My situation was one of intense horror. Knowing tolerably well the Turkish language, I heard on all sides the enemy encouraging each other to conclude their decapitating employment before the arrival of a reinforcement, and not miss a *single head*, by which means they would obtain, on their return, at least two hundred ducats. This proved them to be well informed of our number.

Before the Turks reached me, my horse, by a convulsive motion, left my leg at liberty, and I immediately conceived the idea of endeavoring to throw myself among the reeds of the morass. Many of our men who had attempted the enterprise were detected, but the firing and the increased darkness encouraged me to hope success from the effort. I had only twenty yards to go, and after many desperate leaps, and overturning several Turks who tried to impede my progress, at last dashed safely into the morass. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped—let us seek him." Others replied, "It is impossible, he is in the morass!"

I heard no more, for the loss of blood occasioned a fainting fit, in which I must have continued for several hours, for when I recovered my senses the sun was high in the heavens. In this swamp I was up to my arms. I counted my wounds to the number of eight—some of them were dangerous—all sabre cuts, on the arms, back, and breast.

The nights in this country being cold, I wore a thick pelisse, which in some measure had weakened the effect of the blows. I heard the groans of the mangled horses from the field of battle; with respect to the men, the Turks had left them quiet enough. I endeavored to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and after an hour's struggling succeeded.

I advanced and contemplated the scene of the slaughter; but what language can paint the horror I felt at finding myself suddenly in the grasp of a gigantic Turk, upwards of six feet high, who had no doubt returned for the purpose of discovering if any plunder had eluded his former search. I addressed myself to him in the Turkish language:—"Take my watch, my money, my uniform; but, oh! do not *kill me!*"

He replied:—"All your possessions belong to me, and I must have your head besides;" upon which he untied the string which fastened the huzzar cap under my chin, and loosened my cravat. I was unarmed and defenceless; at the least movement he would have plunged his immense scimetar into my bosom. In the most supplicating manner I embraced him by the middle of the body, and implored his clemency; but, regardless of all my entreaties, he continued his occupation of baring my neck.

"Pity me," I exclaimed; "my family is rich; take me prisoner, and you shall have a considerable ransom."

"That prospect," he rejoined, "will be too tedious; only keep yourself quiet that I may cut off your head!" and then he deliberately took out my shirt-pin. He made no resistance to my embracing him, probably through reliance upon his superior strength, or from a remaining spark of pity—which, however, the hope of a ducat for my head entirely extinguished.

As he took out my shirt-pin, I felt something very hard at his girdle; it was a hammer! The dread of so horrible a death induced me to snatch the hammer; he did not perceive it; and had already got my hair in one hand and his scimetar in the other, when by a sudden motion I freed myself from his grasp, and with all my strength discharged the hammer, which was very heavy, at his face. The blow took effect—the Turk staggered—I repeated the stroke; letting his sword slip, he fell to the ground. It is needless to add that I picked up the weapon and thrust it into his heart. I then, with all speed, ran towards our advanced post, and ere long arrived safely at the camp. I was soon seized with a burning fever, and carried to the hospital, whence, however, I returned to camp in about six weeks, entirely cured of my malady and also of my wounds.

On my recovery, I was visited by the Bohemian fortune-teller, who punctually paid me the hamper of Tokay she had lost. I was informed that during my absence many of her predictions had been precisely accomplished, by which she had obtained many handsome legacies. To me this seemed most astounding.

At length there came to us two deserters from the enemy; they were Christians from Servia, who had been employed to carry the baggage of the Turkish army. These men, as soon as they saw the Sybil charged her with being a Turkish spy.

We were all amazed; for this woman had been serviceable to us on many occasions, and we had often admired the dexterity with which she executed the most perilous commissions.

The deserters declared they had been present several times when she had related our positions to the Turks, had disclosed our schemes, and had encouraged the attacks which had been made upon us, and that as a passport she had been furnished with a Turkish cypher. This convincing proof of her treachery being found upon her, the Bohemian fortune-teller was condemned to death as a spy.

Before the examination, I interrogated her as to the prediction she had made concerning me. She confessed, that acting as a spy to both armies, she received a double profit, and had frequently disclosed to each the intentions of the other. In fortune-telling she drew many anecdotes from the simplicity of the persons who consulted her, and not unfrequently was indebted to chance for the accomplishment of her predictions. In what regarded me, she said it was to strengthen her influence that she fixed the time of my decease at so distant a period; and that as it approached, she prevailed upon the Turks to attack our pickets on the night of the twentieth of August. Understanding that two officers were before me on the list for that service, she sold the first adulterated wine, and rendered him indisposed; and as the second was mounting, she privately insinuated into the nose of his horse a piece of burned charcoal, which produced the consequences before related.

A Sister's Influence.

"That man has grown among kind and loving sisters," I once heard a lady remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold with its contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some incident awakes within the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

☞ An invalid disturbed all the inmates of his boarding house up-town recently, by imitating a dog. When asked why he did it, he said he had been ordered by his physician to take port wine and bark.

THE SEA-GULL.

What tempts thee to this inland lea,
Thou bird of wind and wave,
Deserting cliffs and lonely sea,
A random shot to brave?

Say, dost thou bear on those white wings
Tidings of weal or woe?
The black-bird builds, the throstle sings,
Young zephyrs gently blow.

Or wouldst thou with land-birds contend
For food our ploughs upturn?
Thy habits will not lightly bend;
Their ways thou well may'st spurn.

I've seen thee where the full surge laves
Iona's ancient shrine,
Float high above its sea-gnawn caves,
Like something half divine;

Or on the Bass Rock's beetling brow,
In lines of living white,
Rest with thy kin—a pearly glow
To deck the robes of Night.

I've marked thee pass that ruined pile
With reverential stoop
Where pious Hilda prayed, the while
Thy spotless pinions droop.

What art thou? Sprung from drifted spray,
A birth of sea and air?
Joyous when tides and tempests play,
When human hearts despair.

Good angel art thou—type of Hope,
White-pinioned, lofty, free—
To bid us with life's troubles cope
Till comes serenity.

A Presence art thou, pure, benign,
Roaming the boundless fields
Of sea and sky, in cloud or shine
Bearing what each day yields.

What'er thou art, I gladly hail
In thee a heaven-sent bird;
Earth has its dove, sea doth not fail
To make her teachings heard.

I could not harm thy pure pale wing,
Flecking yon deep blue sky—
Fear not, as through the heart of Spring
Thou slowly sailest by.

A welcome sign art thou to me
Of thoughts no verse may tell;
Thou fliest tow'rds th' Eternal Sea,
Fardest—art lost—farewell!

A GREAT BALL AND A GREAT BEAR.

A STORY OF TWO BIRTHDAYS.

BY BABINGTON WHITE,

AUTHOR OF "CIRCE," "AT DAGGERS DRAWN," ETC.

BIRTHDAY THE FIRST.

On a certain Christmas-eve, some eight or nine years ago, there was a very noisy gathering on the third-floor of a house in Hyde-park-gardens. The party had assembled very early in the afternoon, and the great bare branches of the trees, tossed savagely by bleak December winds, and groaning as in mortal agony, were still visible in the winter dusk. Below, in the Bayswater-road, the lights were twinkling; and the bell of the muffin-man, plying his plebeian trade even in that patrician district, made merry music. Up-stairs, in the spacious, cheery third-floor sitting-room, the Christmas fire-light shone brightly upon the happy faces of a circle of young people, who were seated on the carpet for the performance of the mystic rites of that favorite Christmas game called "hunt the slipper."

The ages of the revellers ranged from five to fifteen. One of the eldest amongst them was the damsel in whose honor the festival was held—Miss Laura de Courcy, who had made her first appearance on the stage of life on a Christmas-eve fifteen years before, and who was entertaining her cousins of all degrees with certain mild dissipations appropriate to the occasion. They were to drink tea in these third-floor regions, which were sacred to Miss de Courcy, her younger brother, her reliable English governess, her accomplished Parisian governess, and the patient maid who brushed the damsel's silken curls some sixteen times in the day, after those hoydenish skirmishings with her younger brother in which the vivacious young person was wont to indulge.

Miss de Courcy was an only daughter, and an heiress to boot. A grandmamma of unspeakable descent and incalculable wealth, had bequeathed all her possessions to this favored damsel; and the damsel carried the sense of her wealth and her dignity as lightly as if it had been one of the normal attributes of girlhood.

It was her own pretty little black-satin slipper for which the disputants were now struggling. The door was opened suddenly while the noise was loudest, and a young man put his head into the room.

"Our bear-fights at Maudlin are nothing to this," he said.

Laura sprang to her feet as he spoke.

"How dare you come here, sir? This is my room, sir, and my party. You are to be down-stairs, with papa and mamma. I won't have grown-up people intruding on my friends."

"Not if grown-up people bring you a pair of bullfinches?"

"Bullfinches! Oh, Cousin George, that is quite a different thing! I have never had bullfinches. Oh, what a pretty cage!"

The cage was a Chinese pagoda, in delicate fretwork, with little bells that rang merrily as the intruder carried the cage to a table. There was a diversion among the slipper-hunters, and the children all clustered round the new-comer. This new comer was Viscount Abberdale, a dark-eyed, handsome young fellow, with a kind, pleasant face, and one amongst Miss de Courcy's numerous cousins.

"So you remembered that to-day is my birthday, George?" said Laura, when the bullfinches had been rapturously admired.

"My dear Laura, you know how kind your cousin always is," remonstrated Miss Vicker, the reliable English governess.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* is it not that he is good?" exclaimed the irrepressible Parisienne in her native tongue.

"As if I could forget your birthday, Laura! Who was that unfortunate person who had Calais written on her heart? I have your name, and the date of your birthday, and ever so many memoranda respecting you, written on my heart, Laura. I don't think there can be room for any more writing."

"We all know that Lord Abberdale possesses a talent for talking nonsense," said the reliable one, as a hint that this kind of nonsense was inappropriate to the third-floor.

"But I have disturbed all the fun, Lorry," cried the Viscount. "Get away, Lio," he added, unceremoniously, to the heir of the De Courcys, who was dragging at his coat-tails; "it isn't your birthday; and if you're looking out for anything from Strandin or Boissier, you won't find it in my dress-coat. I left a greatcoat in the hall; and I shouldn't be surprised if there were a few thousand boxes of goodies in the pockets of that."

Off sped the heir, swift as a lapwing.

"And now we'll have 'hunt the slipper,'" cried George.

"Ah, that it is a droll of a young man!" shrieked the irrepressible.

"Laura, my love, I think the little ones will be anxious for their tea," said the Reliable; "suppose we adjourn to the next room. Lord Abberdale, may we give you a cup of tea?"

"Thanks—yes; but why not more 'hunt the slipper'?"

"Miss de Courcy's little friends will be leaving her very early, and tea is ready. If you would *really* like a cup, you can go into the next room with us, Lord Abberdale."

"Oh, yes, if you please, Miss Vicker; I want to drink tea with my cousin on her birthday."

They went into the next room, another sitting-room, brightly but plainly furnished, like the first; and here was a table spread with all that is prettiest and most tempting in the way of tea.

"Oh, what pretty-looking cakes!" cried the undergraduate of Maudlin; "a dinner-table isn't half as pretty as a tea-table; and there's something so social and pleasant about tea. We always have coffee at our 'wines,' you know, but they don't allow us such cakes as those when we are training."

Lord Abberdale insisted upon staying all tea-time, and further insisted upon making himself very busy with the dealing out of cups and saucers, and the nice admeasurement of cream and sugar.

Lionel de Courcy came shouting up the staircase, laden with bonbon boxes; and the tea-table was thrown into confusion presently by the appearance of these treasures, and the excitement caused thereby.

All quiet, Miss Vicker's excellent arrangements for her pupil's youthful guests were thrown out of gear by this wild Oxonian. The two white-aproned waiting-maids could scarcely make head against the confusion; and that Babel and riot arose which is common to all juvenile communities, unless kept down by the iron hand of despotism. Little ones clambered from their chairs, and bigger ones stretched eager arms across the table to clutch some satin bag of *pralines* or daintily-painted box of *violettes glacees*. Cups of tea were spilt over pretty fantastic dresses, devised by fond mothers and clever maids for this special occasion; pyramids of cake were overthrown, a glass preserve-dish was broken,—all was chaos; and across the "wrack" which she surveyed from her seat at the head of the table, Miss Vicker beheld, as in a vision, George Abberdale and Laura de Courcy seated calmly side by side, engaged in that kind of discourse which, had the damsel been "out," would have been called flirtation.

"How very wrong of Mrs. de Courcy to allow him to come up-stairs!" she said to herself. And then she sank back in her chair, and abandoned herself, with a sigh of resignation, to the inevitable.

"What an awfully rigid individual your Miss Vicker is!" said the young man; "she will hardly allow me to look at you; as if we were not cousins, and as if we are not going to be something more than cousins one of these days."

"And pray what more than cousins shall we ever be, sir?" asked Laura, who was quite able to hold her own against this impertinent young nobleman.

"Never mind now; you will find out by-and-by. Do you know, I have secured a talisman which I shall keep as long as I live?"

"What kind of talisman?"

"The magic slipper,—*la pianella magica!* The slipper you were playing with just now. Was it made for Titania?"

"It was made for me, sir; and it is too large."

"You won't be troubled with it any more: I hope you have one on."

"Of course. That slipper was fetched from my room. Do you think I would hop about with one shoe on this cold winter's night? Oh dear, I hope there are no poor people without any shoes!"

"I'm afraid there are, my dear. But don't think of them now; it makes you look so sorrowful. I mean to keep this slipper."

"You are a most presuming person; and I shall tell Miss Vicker."

"Oh, no, you won't! Poor Miss Vicker! She is watching us now. How awful she looks, doesn't she? Quite a genteel Medusa."

"And pray what are you going to do with my slipper?"

"Keep it to be thrown after you on your wedding-day."

"You will throw it?" "Oh dear no!"

"And why not?"

"For the best possible reason: I shall be with you in the carriage."

Miss de Courcy blushed and laughed. For a beauty of three lustres she was tolerably advanced in the art of coquetry.

Tea was finished by this time. The younger guests were cloaked and shawled, and hooded and muffled for departure. The elders were to go down to the drawing-room after dinner for a quadrille or two. There were visitors to the heads of the house expected; but not many. Town was empty; and only urgent parliamentary business had induced Mr. de Courcy to spend his Christmas in Hyde-park gardens. Far away on the Scottish border there was a noble old castle where the family were wont to pass this pleasant season, with much festivity and great advantage to the poor of the district. Of course arrangements had been made whereby the poor should be no losers because of the family's absence; but their absence was regretted in that Border district nevertheless; and blankets and flannel cloaks and comfortable winter gowns scarcely seemed of as good a quality when received from the hands of a grim old housekeeper, instead of the ladies of the mansion.

The party in the drawing-room assembled between nine and ten. Miss de Courcy and her three or four chosen friends came down at nine, and met her cousin ascending from the dining-room. She sat down to the piano and played to him, while her mamma dozed in the farther drawing-room; and then the grown-up company arrived, and there was a great deal of music and a little impromptu dancing. It was altogether a delightful evening, Laura thought.

"I shall keep my next birthday at Courcy," she said. "Shall you be with us, George?"

"I think not. I am going in for travelling when I leave Oxford."

"You will go to Switzerland and Italy? How delightful!"

"I shall do nothing so slow. I shall go to Africa, or the Caucasus. I mean to do the Caucasus completely."

"Is the Caucasus a nice place?"

"Oh, it's perfectly sweet! And the Amoor, and the Himalayas. When one considers the encroachments of Russia upon our Indian empire, you see, Lorry, it's a kind of duty every man owes his country to get himself coached-up in the Amoor and the Himalayas."

"Shall you be long away?" asked Laura, with a disappointed face.

"Oh, no; only half-a-dozen years or so. Of course I shall go in for the North Pole. A man who isn't well up in his Arctic regions gets snubbed by somebody every time he goes out to dinner. In fact, the Arctic regions are getting almost as common as the Matterhorn."

"Then if you're going to all these places, I'm sure you won't be at home when I come of age. And papa has promised me all sorts of grand doings then. A fancy ball at Courcy. And I have so longed for a fancy ball: but I shall be dreadfully disappointed if you are not at my ball. I have always thought what fun it would all be, and what an absurd dress you would wear—a dress that no one would know you in, you know—a chimneysweep or a baker's man."

"I should like amazingly to come as a chimneysweep. You will be something magnificent, of course—a princess of the Middle Ages, in that dim period of shadowy kings and queens, and Princes of Wales trying on their fathers' crowns before the cheval-glass in the royal bed-chamber, when there were sumptuary laws to regulate the weight of the women's head-gear. I can fancy you in one of those high-peaked head-dresses, with a cloth-of-gold gown. You would look very jolly."

"Jolly!" repeated Miss de Courcy; "I shall not spend poor dear grandmamma's money on cloth-of-gold dresses in order to look jolly."

"You will look an angel; and I shall dance the first quadrille with you—chimneysweep and princess. The contrast will be sweet."

"Very sweet. You will be at the Caucasus, or on the North Pole, I daresay, when I come of age."

"From the heights of Caucasus, from the remotest depths of Polar regions, from the snow-drifts where the bleached bones of perished wanderers gleam ghastly white against the ghastly snow, from the Ganges, from the Chinese Wall, I shall come."

"Very well, sir. I shall remember your rash promise when my ball begins without a chimneysweep. However, the loss will be yours if you forget the occasion."

"I shall not forget."

"Mamma is beckoning to me," said Miss de Courcy, and thereupon slipped away to take shelter beneath the maternal wing. Miss Vicker, the reliable, had just drawn Mrs. de Courcy's attention to the fact that Lord Abberdale's attentions to his cousin were rather more pronounced than was consonant with the damsel's tender years.

"You are not paying any attention to your friends, Lorry," said mamma; "there is Bella Hargrave turning over a book of photographs in the dreariest manner. I shall not give you birthday-parties unless you behave better. You are always laughing with your cousin George."

"George is so funny. What do you think, mamma? He has actually pledged himself to appear at my birthday ball when I come of age. It is to be a fancy ball, you know—that's an old promise of papa's; and George declares he will dance the first quadrille with me dressed as a chimneysweep."

"D. V.," murmured the Reliable One, piously.

After this, Laura de Courcy danced more than one dance with her cousin George. When eleven o'clock chimed from the clock on the chimneypiece, Miss Vicker came in search of her charge. The young friends had all departed within the last half-hour: only grown-up company remained. A young lady was singing an Italian canzonette in the second drawing-room. George and his cousin were almost alone in the large southward-looking room where they had danced. The birthday was over. Miss de Courcy was no longer queen of the occasion: she was there on sufferance, and was liable to be sent to bed at any moment. Miss Vicker and the moment came.

"I was just coming, Carry," cried Miss Laura. She called her monitress by her Christian name on occasions.—"Good-night, George."

"Good-night and good-bye, Lorry; I'm off to Norfolk for the shooting to-morrow, and then back to Oxford, and then—"

"What then?"

"Two fellows and I have planned a trip to Africa in the spring."

"To Africa! You really mean it? But there are tigers and crocodiles, and dreadful things like that, are there not?"

"Oh, dear, no; not the genuine Bengal animal; not the splendid striped monster of India. The African tiger is only a paltry spotted thing. There's no credit in shooting such an impostor."

"But that kind of impostor might eat you," cried Laura in terror.

"Oh, dear, no. The genuine man-eater is only to be found in the jungle. Besides, we shall have a tutor with us, to take care of the luggage and coach us in our classical geography, and all that kind of thing; and, as a conscientious person, it will be his duty to be eaten first. Good-bye, Lorry, until this night six years."

"Until this night six years!" repeated the young lady, almost crying; "I think you might kiss me, cousin George, if you are going to stay away as long as *that*."

Lord Abberdale obeyed this hint, heedless of Miss Vicker's murmured protest. He blushed like a girl as he set his lips on the innocent upturned face, bade the governess a hurried good-night, and was gone.

BIRTHDAY THE SECOND.

Miss de Courcy at twenty-one was a lady of vast accomplishments and considerable experience. She could converse very agreeably, within ball-room limits, in three or four continental languages—could give her opinion of the arrangements of a court-ball in Italian; decline refreshments in Danish; accept a partner for the next waltz in German; and chatter gayly all the evening through in very pure French. She was musical, and had been taught the piano by Madame Arabella Goddard, the Harmonium by Herr Engel; and beyond all this, in the eyes of that, unhappily, shallow-minded section of humanity in which her lot was cast, she was undeniably beautiful. The cold-hearted worldling who, when first introduced to her, remembered that she had forty thousand pounds in her own right, had not been half-an-hour in her society before he forgot everything except that she was one of the loveliest and most charming of women.

More than one advantageous opportunity of settlement in life had offered itself to Miss de Courcy before her one-and-twentieth birthday; but she had refused the most brilliant of these opportunities without a moment's hesitation. She had been something of a flirt, but had given no man the right to consider himself ill-used by her. She was eminently popular. Men called her a jolly girl, a lovely girl, no end of a nice girl, according to their lights—or their darkness; but all agreed in the broad fact, that she was a good girl—good in the widest sense of the word; a girl to whom the simulation of demi-mondain audacities and the lying arts of Rachel and enamel were "hateful as the gates of hell"—a genuine, true-hearted Englishwoman, worthy to become the mother of brave and noble Englishmen in the time to come.

In the middle of December in that year, a British yacht, built for honest work, and bearing traces of hard usage, lay at anchor off the coast of Norway. This yacht was the Lorley, commanded by Lord George Abberdale; and that young nobleman, with three chosen friends, was roughing it in a Norwegian hostelry while the Lorley was refitted for her homeward voyage. Lord Abberdale and his companions had spent their summer in the neighborhood of Baffin's Bay, and having been very fortunate in the matter of sport, were returning to their native shores in excellent spirits and temper. Vasco di Gama or Marco Polo, Columbus or Raleigh, would have been struck with amazement on perusing the note-book of Lord Abberdale, in which was recorded the extent of country that young nobleman had travelled. But the heir of all the ages has the advantage of mediæval explorers, and the day may come when, in the handsome squares and crescents, streets and terraces of Baffin's Town or Behringville, the dwellers of a northern world may marvel to hear how English travellers once perished, forlorn and hopeless, in the regions of untrodden snow.

Lord Abberdale had "gone in" for Arctic exploration, and the last few years of his life had been given entirely to the pursuit of the explorer's renown. He had not even had time to regret his long separation from that favorite cousin who, he had long ago promised himself, should some day be something nearer and dearer than cousinship, pleasant as that tie between them had been to him. He told his love-story to his companions to-night in the Norwegian hostelry. He had no idea that reticence as to the liege lady of his love was a point of honor.

"I shall call that love-story of yours the thousand-and-one nights, George," said one of his friends. "I'm sure we've heard it a thousand-and-one times. It seems to me rather a spoony notion of yours, falling in love with a chit of fifteen."

"Fifteen!" cried George, "I've been over head and ears in love with my cousin Laura ever since she was seven. Not having any people of my own, you know, and De Courcy being my guardian, I used to spend my holidays at Courcy; and sometimes in the summer months they used to have a place at Maidenhead, or Old Windsor, or somewhere thereabouts, while I was at Eton, and of course I was always hanging about the place—boating and fishing—and, in a general way, playing Old Gooseberry. I was within an inch of drowning Lorry half-a-dozen times or so; but she didn't seem to mind it. And her brother Lionel has no end of pluck, and used to take his ducking sweetly."

And then Lord Abberdale told the story of the birthday ball, and produced the treasured slipper, which he carried in a pocket of his log-book, the log and the slipper being about equally sacred in his eyes.

"And you mean to be home in time for the fancy ball?" asked one of his companions.

"I should think I do, indeed! Why, I'd smash the Lorley and every man aboard her sooner than break my word to that dear girl!"

"Then I fancy you'll have a tight squeeze of it," replied his friend. "We haven't been paying much attention to the operations of the enemy since we've left off keeping the log. This is the 15th of December, and the Lorley won't be ready for sea in less than a week."

"She shall be ready in three days, Hal," roared George; "I'd sooner miss a pot of money on next year's Derby than that ball."

"You may do it, with luck."

"I'll do it with luck or without luck," replied George, unmindful of that "D.V." piously interjected by Miss Vicker on a previous occasion.

"How about your dress?"

"What dress?"

"Your costume for the fancy ball?"

"I've got that safe enough with the rest of my traps on board the Lorley," answered George with a laugh; "I had it from a costumier in the neighborhood of Baffin's Bay."

Late in the afternoon of December 24th, a gentleman might have been observed—if travellers generally were not too much occupied by their own affairs to observe any one—journeying by express, northward to Kelton, the nearest station to Courcy Castle. When the train stopped at this small station, for the special accommodation of this traveller, there was some little difficulty about the luggage, and a certain black case was missing, the temporary loss of which threw the traveller into a fever of rage and impatience.

Happily, it was fished out of some dark-some cavern of a luggage-van before the express—snorting defiant and angry snorts all the time of the delay—had snorted itself out of the station, with a farewell shriek of rage at having been detained at so insignificant a halting-place. The traveller glared at the porter who ultimately produced the case with a most appalling glare.

"It's very lucky for you it turned up," he said, "or I should have been very much tempted to break every bone in your body."

"Do you know who that is?" asked the porter of the station-master, when the furious traveller and his black packing-case had been driven away in a fly.

"No—do you?"

"Yes; it's Lord Abberdale, nephew to Mr. de Courcy. He's going to the ball. That's his fancy dress as he's got in that box, I'll lay."

The eventful night had arrived. Lights shone from all the windows of Courcy Castle, and the poor of the district rejoiced and made merry, inasmuch as their dole of this year was double the customary bounty, and that was a royal one. Scarlet cloaks and comfortable blankets, packets of grocery and baskets of wine, had been dealt out with liberal hands. Miss de Courcy had been driving about the neighborhood all the week in her pretty basket-carriage; and if there were sad hearts or cheerless hearths within twenty miles of Courcy on this cold Christmas-eve, it was by no shortcoming or stint on the part of the Castle that there was sadness and cheerlessness.

In Miss de Courcy's dressing-room there was much excitement as the hands of the little time-piece drew near ten o'clock. At ten o'clock the guests had been bidden; and the guests bidden to this birthday ball included some very important people. It was to be altogether a most brilliant affair; and everybody in the Castle seemed in the highest possible spirits—except Laura, the one person who ought naturally to have been the most joyous of all. The faithful Miss Vicker—still retained as monitor and friend, though for some time superseded as instructress—watched her late pupil with mingled anxiety and wonder, as the young lady sat before the cheval-glass, while her maid was occupied with the solemn task of adjusting her head-dress.

The head-dress was a difficult one, demanding great skill and nicety in the adjustment thereof. It was one of those lofty sugar-loaf head-gears affected by the women of the Middle Ages. Mrs. de Courcy had suggested the powder and patches of the Pompadour period for her daughter's adornment; but the young lady had her own whims, and adhered obstinately to her own fancy.

"I will be a mediæval princess and nothing else, mamma," she said; "and my dress must be cloth-of-gold. I have found the costume in papa's illustrated edition of Planche."

Mrs. de Courcy turned up her nose at the conical head-gear.

"Why, the hideous thing must be a foot and a half high," she said. "I'm sure I don't know what you'll look like, child,—you, who are rather too tall at the best of times."

The conical head-gear was ordered, nevertheless; and the trailing robe of cloth-of-gold, with lions and leopards in black velvet laid thereupon, with broideries in spangles and bullion of unutterable splendor. The petticoat was of cherry-colored brocade; the shoes long and pointed; the ruff a marvel of historical research; the sugar-loaf head-piece an epitome of the old chroniclers; and the result was an embodiment of the grotesquely beautiful. The quaint *moyen-age* dress imparted something weird and fantastic to the damsel's loveliness. So might appear the vision of long-buried beauty, if we could conjure it from its chilly resting-place; and so might shine, in all the glamor of unreal loveliness, the ideal princess of a dreaming Spenser.

All the best people within a reasonable distance of Courcy, together with distinguished visitors staying at the Castle, were assembled in the great drawing-room at eleven o'clock. The costumes were good; many of them had figured at the court-balls of fifteen and twenty years ago. The people were agreeable; the arrangements seemed perfection, except to one person, and that person was the mediæval princess.

Mr. de Courcy had several times suggested that the signal should be given to the band in the gallery for the first quadrille, but the princess made some objection on every occasion.

"The bishop has not come yet, papa," she said; "it would be the worst possible taste to begin dancing before he comes. I consider it so very liberal of him to come at all, especially as he is rather low."

It must be remembered that Miss de Courcy used this last obnoxious word in the ecclesiastical, and not the vulgar, sense.

The bishop came presently, attired as William Penn, in a cheap, and not especially compromising, costume. But his daughters were all that there is of the most Pompadour, and his son was attired as Lord Dundreary, and came prepared to afflict the company with weak imitations of Mr. Sothern. Mr. de Courcy again suggested the signal for the first quadrille, but again Laura resisted.

"There is Lady Louisa Sparkleham, papa. Dobbins walked home from church with her maid last Sunday, and she is coming as Queen Elizabeth, in the costume she wore at Buckingham Palace twenty years ago; and I am sure she is just the sort of person to be offended if her appearance produces no effect; and of course it won't if we're all jogging about in a quadrille."

"I don't see why you need be jogging about," grumbled Mr. de Courcy. It's eleven o'clock. People expect to be earlier, you know, in the country."

At last the time came when excuses would be no longer accepted. The inevitable signal was given. The band in the gallery began one of D'Albert's Introductions with a great crash; then a series of smaller crashes—slow, quick, crescendo, tremulo; a plaintive little pianissimo bit for the cornet, rallentando—and off we go into Pantalon.

The mediæval princess and Lord Dundreary are partners. William Penn smiles benignly on his son from the circle of lookers-on, in spite of his lowness. Is it not written in the dowager Mrs. de Courcy's will that the mediæval princess shall have forty thousand pounds?

"Eleven o'clock," says the inward voice of the princess, "and no chimneysweep! His promise is quite broken now."

The thought has scarcely shaped itself in her mind when there is a sudden confusion among the lookers-on. The low bishop is pushed irreverently on one side, Lord Dundreary recoils horror-stricken, the ladies scream in their usual charming manner, as an awful and appalling form plunges clumsily in among the dancers.

A Polar bear—white as the icebergs of his native land, shaggy as the ragged drifts of snow that fringe those icebergs, awful as the dangers of those trackless regions—displaces the bishop's son, and seizes the shrinking hand of the princess in his ponderous paw.

No word spoke this hideous brute; no heed took he of Dundreary's remonstrances, the bishop's indignation, the titters and little screams of the company; but through the many figures of the dance—in the solemn settings of L'Ete, the see-saw movements of La Poule, the graceful advancings and retirings of Pastourelle, the whirl and riot of final galopade—did the monster drag the mediæval princess, to the wonder and admiration of the assembled multitude.

When the quadrille was finished, he led the damsel to her parents, and lifting the

grim jaw and throwing back the shaggy head as if it had been a knightly visor, the uncouth visitor revealed the countenance of Lord Abberdale.

"I'm afraid I've been very rude to a lot of people," he said; "but you must introduce me to them presently, aunt Sophia, and I must make my peace somehow. I didn't reach the Castle till five minutes before I came into the room. Six years ago, in Hyde-park gardens, I promised Lorry I'd dance the first dance with her on this night, and I've done it. And, by Jove, I don't much care whom I have offended!"

"But you were to come as a chimney-sweep," said Laura.

"Well, you see, I hadn't time to think of the elegancies of costume. I shot this poor beggar—I beg your pardon, Lorry—this unfortunate animal—in Baffin's Bay; and very sorry I was to do it, considering how tame the poor creatures are when they haven't the honor of *our* acquaintance."

"You see *I* remembered the dress you said you'd like me to wear," Miss de Courcy said later, when a compact of peace, or at least armed neutrality, had been made between Lord Abberdale and the bishop, and these two cousins had danced more than one dance together.

"Yes, darling; and very lovely you look in it. And now there is only one more dress that I languish to see you in."

"Indeed! and what may that be?"

"White, and orange-blossoms."

And to oblige this audacious young nobleman, Miss de Courcy made her appearance in this costume at St. George's, Hanover-square, early in the ensuing April.

A COLLISION AT SEA.

BY N. S. DODGE.

It was August, 1858, the month during which the Atlantic telegraph cable was first successfully laid and the great rejoicings took place in New York. I was returning on my tenth voyage from England to America. The Cunard steamer Arabia, a safe vessel, as she has since shown, but too crank in her build to call for great confidence from sailors, and the weitest of craft in rough weather, the sea making a clean breach over her decks whenever she stood head on to a full breeze, had taken us merrily onward at an average of twelve knots an hour for seven days. The time had passed pleasantly, for, besides the usual complement of clever people whose opinions had been liberalized by travel, there were on board a troupe of Italian opera singers, very beautiful and very attractive, the toast of all the gentlemen, and nearly a dozen scientific men, professors and fellows of the English and Scotch universities, bound on an expedition to the Sierra Nevadas. We had concerts and *conversaziones*, discussions and lectures, experiments upon seaweed and analyses of salt water, measurements of waves, observations of declinations of the compass, and an anatomical dissection of a Mother Cary's chicken, which some ill wind had blown upon our deck. Besides all this we had been attended for days together by porpoises constantly gambolling and tumbling in shoals, without once encountering the storm they are supposed to predict—had seen in the distance two black whales, from the larger of which we had counted five "blows," before, lashing the water into foam, he had descended into the depths—and had lowered our flag in salute of two outward bound steamers from New York. It had been, in fact, so far, a voyage of a hundred—weather mild, wind gentle and favorable, swell of the ocean long and easy, speed satisfactory, and appointments aloft and alow all the most fastidious could ask.

It was Saturday evening, our eighth day out. We were nearing Cape Race. For the two previous days we had run by dead reckoning, the fog clinging to us like a blanket, and rendering all observations, solar or stellar, impossible. Every thirty seconds, for eight-and-forty hours, the hoarse steam-whistle, like an ill-omened bird, had screamed its warning over the waters. Two sailors posted on the bows and two in the rigging, besides two officers instead of one, on deck, were on the lookout for danger. During the morning, somewhere about ten o'clock, the fog had lifted enough for us to discover two large icebergs floating at the distance of a mile or two to the leeward, but it had closed around us again almost immediately. The knowledge gained by this interval of clear sky was not assuring. In a calm sea, hugged so closely by the fog that a biscuit could be pitched out of sight before reaching the water, the contiguity of ice to a steamship running at the rate of twelve knots to an hour, is not, as Jemmy Rogers used to say, "comfortable to the mind." The fate of the ill-starred Pacific, which undoubtedly ran into an iceberg and sank instantly, was too recent for us not to recall it, and frequent allusions in conversation at lunch and dinner, to ships which had never been heard of after clearing port, showed the direction our thoughts were taking. Still there was no alarm, or hardly anxiety. When there is no storm at sea, no matter what may be the dangers ahead, it is impossible to get up a panic on shipboard. A few years ago, a vessel on board of which were two hundred and ten souls, was drawn by the undertow, in spite of sails, helm and cables, right toward the breakers of St. Christopher, with the certainty, if relief did not come, of destruction; and yet hardly a fear was aroused, the captain having been obliged to force the passengers to the boats; and Captain Luce used to tell, with a shudder of horror at the recollection, how, while hastening to complete that raft on the Arctic which saved not a single soul, the passengers were calm, and even chatty and jocose, up to the very sinking of the ship, in whose whirl they went to the bottom. There was, certainly, no fear on board the Arabia. Lunch, dinner and tea passed; cards, chess and backgammon engaged those who remained below; our Italian ladies coquetted with their beaus; the *savans* measured the temperature of water and atmosphere, and pronounced the ice to have left our neighborhood; and groups of smokers chatted and laughed as usual in their rendezvous near the forecastle.

It was half-past eleven as I was about quitting the deck to turn in. The cabin passengers had been long abed, and state-room lights were all out. Save the sailors on the watch, the men at the wheel, and a senior and junior officer on duty, there was no one astir. Passing the compass on my way to the companion-ladder, I observed that the ship's direction was nearly west-south-west.

"So you have changed her course since eight bells, I see, Mr. Jones?"

"Only half a point, sir, and hardly that."

"And why a half point, pray? Or why change her course at all?"

"To give the cape a wide berth, sir. You see this dead reckoning, in the long run, isn't very reliable, especially with such currents as we have hereabouts?"

"Where away does Cape Race lie, Mr. Jones?"

"Just over the bows in the direction of the red light swinging from the halyard yonder."

My hand was on the guide of the ladder (which alone saved me a minute afterward from being hurled overboard) as I turned to go down, saying—

"Good-night, sir. No more news of the ice, eh?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when a call that sounded like the peal of doom came from the lookout forward.

"Sail on the weather bow, sir?"

"Where away?" instantly shouted the officer in command.

But no sooner were the words uttered (and before an answer could be returned) than they were followed by orders so sharp and imperative as to be heard through the ship.

"Hard a-port! Hard a-port! Jam her down, sir, jam her down!"

In an instant the ship, answering her helm, began to swing from her bearings, when, directly in the line of our bowsprit, emerging from the mist, appeared the black lines of an ocean steamer, under full headway, and of such monstrous size that it seemed inevitable she must send us to the bottom. It was the Europa, bound from Boston to Liverpool, which here, in mid-ocean, under full steam, had met her consort, on this one parallel of latitude of all others, as if to falsify the prediction forever, that the Cunard line was bound to be lucky. Bows on, head to head, the two ships rushed together. The shock was fearful. Our rate of speed was nearly thirteen knots. Hers was as great, so that at a momentum of more than five-and-twenty knots an hour, two steamers, each of nearly three thousand tons burthen, were hurled into collision. Following the crash, that crumbled oak timbers ten inches square as if they had been chalk, was the stagger of the ship, like an ox stunned by the blow of an axe, the lift of the huge leviathan almost bodily out of the water, and the dash of billows as she fell back into the trough of the sea and careened heavily on her side.

Of course there was not a soul on board who was not aroused to apparent instant death. Passengers, sailors, engineers, firemen, waiters and officers were for the first moment mixed together in almost hopeless confusion, and as one after another of various classes appeared on deck, a continued series of cross purposes ruled the hour. Order, however, is not only heaven's first law, but the first law of human beings in time of danger. In less time than it takes to narrate it, the captain was on the wheel-house giving orders through his speaking-trumpet to the crew, and conversing with the captain of the Europa across the space the steamers had drifted apart; every thing resolved itself into rule at once. There could not be discipline more perfect. Every man was at his post. Not a word was spoken beyond the orders given and repeated, and the "aye, aye, sir," in response. Slowly, steadily and calmly sails were furled, rigging made taut, fires extinguished, boats lowered and manned, lead thrown, blue lights burned, and examination made by the carpenter and his men of the damage sustained and the danger awaiting us.

Meanwhile the passengers, male and female, steerage and cabin, whose slumbers had been rudely enough disturbed by a concussion that had thrown the sleepers from their berths at the risk of limb if not of life, were crowding, half-clad, upon deck. The frantic cries of our *prima donna* and her Italian maids, imploring the aid of the Virgin, pierced through the ship. Anxious questions were asked of each other as the group thickened about the stack-pipes, which none could answer. No one was bold enough to make an inquiry of an officer, and every sailor was heedless of all save the authority which kept him up to the duties of the moment. Just over our bows, at a distance of two hundred feet, more or less, the huge bulk of the Europa kept appearing and disappearing in and out of the fog, her paddle-wheels moving back and forth to free her pumps—for she was leaking badly—her boats unshipped from their davits in readiness to lower to the water, and blue lights flashing up and dying away from her midships. Outside of the frightened, semi-nude crowd on our own deck, were the measured march of the sailors manning ropes and hawser, the shouts of the under officers to men in the rigging, and the quick, cheery reply, the hoarse conversation carried on between the two commanders from the paddle-wheel boxes, the noisy rush of steam blowing off through the pipes, and the unlashing and swinging of the boats over the side, the pulleys and tackle made sure to run free from knots and kinks.

For more than an hour and three-quarters we stood upon the deck without being able to learn one word of the real nature of our danger. To those of us who knew any thing of seamanship, there were orders continually given by the captain which indicated that the good ship must be in a sinking condition, and yet we hoped they were provisions, as they proved to be, rather against a contingency than a certainty.

As a rule, the passengers behaved well. True, some were boisterous about the misfortune, some miserably selfish in the preparations they were making to save themselves from drowning, and some ludicrous by the turn their fears took. M. de G., husband of Madame, our *prima donna*, whose excessive fears kept her prostrate on the gangway imploring the aid of all saints, enlightened such as would listen to his peculiar sorrows. "Madame had an engagement vort tree hunder pounds a week, at Covent Garden, but she would persist to come to dis damn de Etats-Unis all to be cast away in dis miserable ship, and drown-ed in dis foggy ocean, by gar." He never once made allusion to himself, but laid the emphasis of his sorrow upon the loss of the Covent Garden engagement, and the untoward fate of his poor wife, "by gar." Of the four-and-forty American, English and Scotch ladies on board—some with children, some returning home, some making their first voyage to the New World—there was not one who did not behave with heroism. Speaking of the contrast between our Anglo-Saxon women and their sisters of Italian blood in time of danger, Dr. McClintock remarked the next day "that serious matters as heaven and hell were when one stood on the brink of eternity, he, nevertheless, could not help entertaining respect for the man or woman who met the inevitable with pluck, let the result be what it might." To which, with a vivid memory of the shrill shrieks of our Italian friends in fear of death, there was a general response of "amen."

During the early part of the time we were on deck, when it became nearly certain that the Arabia held her own upon the water, but that, nevertheless, all the boats had been put in readiness to be launched; most of the passengers had gone below to secure such valuables as they could take upon their persons, and to put on additional clothing. We had made ourselves ready, in fact, to take to the boats, and there is no doubt, had the emergency arrived, that the perfect handling the commander of the Arabia had of his ship, would have launched every boat, put passengers and crew safely on board, and headed each craft straight for the nearest land.

The passengers, men, women and children, had now remained on deck, without possibility of sitting or reclining, and in a state if not of constantly increasing, certainly not of diminishing uncertainty, for nearly two hours. Not the slightest notice had been taken of us by officers or crew. For any apparent importance in reference to the safety of the ship, we might have been so many blocks of wood. The Europa had made the circuit of our ship at least a dozen times. All sorts of lights had been burned from the bows of both steamers, and all sorts of rockets sent up, with no one to explain their meaning. There was never a state of deeper mystery. Thank God! there was no suffering from the weather. The sea was calm as a lake. Not a breath of wind stirred. The long swell hardly rocked the ship on her cradle of waters. But over us, around us, beneath us, as we gazed over the taffrail—tasted, heard, seen, snuffed up by our nostrils, felt in every pore of our bodies, and wrapped all around us, like the swaddling clothes of an Egyptian mummy—was the fog—the thick, heavy, viscid fog, blinding the eyes, tickling the throat, penetrating the garments—the unstirring, lifeless fog, out of which came no comfort, and from which there was no escape.

Just as impatient remarks about the unnecessary delay in giving us information as to the state of the ship began to be overheard, the captain descended from the wheelhouse and came toward us. All eyes were bent upon him. He was a man of cold temperament and few words; but what he said was usually to the purpose. It was unmistakably so now.

"Passengers, the Arabia has collided with the Europa. This ship is not injured. The Europa leaks, and will put into St. John's. We shall follow her. You can go to bed."

"Can our lamps be lighted?" asked a passenger—for, by a ship's rule, the lights, once out, may not be relighted.

"Yes! Steward, light up for fifteen minutes."

"Can we have the saloon for a prayer-meeting?" asked an active Connecticut parson, who, having been busy distributing tracts with very hopeless results during the voyage, looked upon the opportunity now presented as providential.

"Prayer-meeting!" exclaimed the captain, using an interjection that showed he, at least, needed to be prayed for; "prayer-meeting! why, bless your soul, it's past two in the morning. Better go to bed, and hold your prayer-meeting by daylight."

The Europa put into St. John's. The Arabia did not; but made her way in a disabled condition for New York, it having been ascertained, after the steam was got up, that her machinery was damaged by the concussion, and would need the help of the Novelty Works to fit her again for sea.

This is not the place to discuss nautical rules. Nothing can me more abstruse. No two navigators ever agree upon their application. They are not unlike metaphysics, as defined by the Scotch dominie: "He that's listening does na' ken what he that's talking means, and he that's talking does na' ken what he means himself."

"You should have put your helm a-starboard, and not a-port, Mr. Jones, and then this cursed misadventure would never have happened," said the captain of the Europa, when our boat boarded her.

"If I had," replied the officer, "your bows would have struck the Arabia amidships, and every soul of us gone to the bottom."

The Cunard Company was too wise to have the question argued in the courts. By the admiralty rules each ship should have put her helm hard a-starboard. By the higher rule of self-preservation, the order "Hard-a-port" on the Arabia could not have been wrong, since the ships and those on board were saved. The Cunard Company pocketed the loss and promoted the officer.—*September Galaxy.*

☞ French papers say the vines present a splendid appearance all over the country, and, therefore, as Thomas Morsatt, a French astrologer, prophesied in 1208, "we shall have cheap claret, and bless God."

☞ Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass before He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

☞ A California editor, in speaking of a notorious ruffian in that state, who is supposed to have committed more murders than any other man on the Pacific coast, says: "He has a wonderful talent for *bereaving* any family he does not happen to like."

☞ "I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if a wanting friend is above ground." That speech of Pope is enough to immortalize him, independently of his philosophical verses.

☞ A young lady in Snyder county, Pennsylvania, on the 20th ult., was in the garden picking blackberries. A piercing scream from her alarmed the rest of the family, who were at the tea-table. Hastening to the spot, they found her on the ground insensible. She was carried into the house, and, sad to relate, examination proved that she was dead. Her friends, on proceeding to prepare the body for interment, were horror-stricken to find an immense black snake coiled tightly around her person, underneath her clothing. There being no evidence of the snake having bitten her, the inference was that the young lady died from fright.

☞ It costs a fond father five thousand dollars to give his daughter a decent wedding in New York.

☞ Advice to members of Cabinet—"Don't give up the (Secretary-)ship."

"The Wickedest Man in New York."

The following is the New York Tribune's account of the prayer meeting held on Sunday morning at John Allen's dance house, closed for good the night before:

"The meeting of yesterday was densely crowded with disciples of both sexes. Indeed, the room was suffocating. It was conducted by Dr. J. M. Ward, assisted by Albert C. Arnold of the Howard Mission, who is the first person who ever held a prayer meeting in a dance-house. The very spirit of God seemed to pervade the meeting in tangible presence. Such heartfelt earnestness we never before witnessed. Every prayer, every address, was a triumph of good sense, tact, and devotion. The hymns were sung with camp-meeting unction. Every heart seemed to be melted. Tears trickled down the scarred and seamed cheeks of hardened ruffians and veterans in iniquity. The culminating point of the meeting was when, immediately after John Allen by request had made a few remarks, and said that by the sympathy and aid of Christian friends and the grace of God he hoped to hold out in his determination to atone for his past life, a gentleman of commanding appearance arose, and requesting the privilege of saying a few words, spoke as follows:

"'I announce myself as a Western man. I am not a professing Christian. My wife and my three daughters are Christians, and it has long been the dearest hope of their hearts to see me also an avowed disciple of Christ. I also have a son—a fine boy—who is a Christian. But up to this time I have resisted every converting influence that has been brought to bear upon me. I read the story of John Allen, "The Wickedest Man in New York," as it has been published in the papers. It took a deep hold on me. I saw the announcement in the morning papers that he had shut up his dance house, and that there was to be a prayer-meeting here to-day at the hour of noon. I came here through curiosity that I might see the "Wickedest Man," and see how such things are done. But my heart has been moved as it never was moved before. Your prayers and your hymns have stirred the very strings of my soul. And I have felt it has come to me with irresistible power—that if "The Wickedest Man in New York" can shut up his dance-house, and turn over a new leaf, and seek the salvation of Christ, *it is time for me to do the same.* [Great sensation and cries of "Amen, amen!"] It is time for me to yield to the prayers of my wife and children—my devoted, Christian wife and children—and to the followings and incitations of God's Holy Spirit, and imitate the example of "The Wickedest Man in New York," and turn over a new leaf in my own life, and cast myself at the Saviour's feet. [Renewed sensation, and cries of "Bless God" and "Amen!"] I therefore wish to say here in this public place that from this hour, God helping me, I will live a new life. [Sobs and cries of "Amen!"] If anybody here knows my name, I hope it will be withheld from the press until I can telegraph and write to my wife and inform her of my resolution, as I shall do as soon as I leave this place.'

"It is impossible to depict the profound impression made by this gentleman's remarks. It was whispered about that he was a distinguished public man, who has held high office under Government, and whose name is known throughout the land; but of course his expressed wish that his name should not be published should be held sacred.

"Just before the close of the meeting, it was announced that a neighboring dance-house keeper had declared that he would follow Allen's example, and close his house before the end of the present week. This announcement caused a great sensation, as it seemed to indicate that the lines of the dance-house keepers had been broken, and that a complete route of the entire horde was close at hand. At this juncture, John Allen struck up a hymn, commencing:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."

This was participated in by all present. Some difficulty was experienced with an inebriated female, who, as soon as the word "blood" was mentioned, kept crying out: "Bloody my eyes! Bloody my eyes!" until she had to be quieted; but otherwise the ceremony went off smoothly enough.

"The Rev. Mr. Graves, of Boston, said that he had been a very hard case, and that at last he had found a true path through Jesus, and that he was confident of succeeding. A hymn followed, and it was sung by the parties present:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins."

JOHN ALLEN'S SPEECH.

Upon being called on for a speech, Mr. Allen hesitated, but finally spoke substantially as follows:

"MY FRIENDS:—There has been a good deal said about the sincerity of my reformation. All I have got to say is, that I am sincere, and that I mean to do better than I have done. I won't keep another dance-house because I think it wicked. I do not yet dare to call myself a reformed man, but I am going to try my best to be one. I hope you will help me to keep my good resolution, and that you will come and do likewise. As far as I am able, you can count on me if you want to rise up out of hell. I am going to do my best—I can't promise anything better than this. I will do all that God lets me!"

This speech was received with profound emotion, after which came the hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Then, after further singing and a prayer, the meeting adjourned until next day at 12 o'clock.

☞ Rev. S. H. Tyng was one morning walking to a church in which he was to preach. He was accompanied by his father. On the way they got into conversation with an old colored man, who assured them that he had rejoiced in a Christian hope for upwards of fifty years. "Are you going to this church?" It was the only church in the village. "No, sah—I nebber go to that church." "You never go to church—and yet you have been a Christian these fifty years?" "No, sah—I nebber go to hear them young ministers prac-tise—I'se a preacher myself—I is."

☞ HEARD FROM.—Artemus Ward has been heard from through Planchette. He says: "I'm tryin' to figger up how I could give away twenty-five thousand dollars at my death, when, according to reports hence, I didn't hev but one [illegible]."

Penitential Literature.

Seldom is a precocious offender brought into the dock but evidence is given that, on searching him or his dwelling-place, a heap of foul fictions is found. The kind of work in question is not likely to come under the eye—or nose—of many who read this journal; nor is it necessary to annoy their senses by more than a general reference to the character of the poison. But it is well that the educated classes, and those who exert themselves to educate others, and find with dismay that their efforts are baffled by some under-current, should know that to the boys of the humbler class there are sold, in enormous quantities, penny stories of the most atrocious kind. These hell-broths are spiced to please the taste of the demoralised lads. The hero is a boy "of spirit," who scorns honest trade and the making "a few dull shillings" a week, and who takes to robbery, either by fraud or force. He is bold and prosperous. He has his reward in all the pleasures he can understand, his "jovial glass," and in the means of other profligacy. The combined attraction of an exciting story and of foul morals is irresistible. The reformatories are full to overflowing, and our cities swarm with young reprobates. Now, we make—and properly—a great fuss about the sale of physical poisons, and the druggist is compelled to label his bottles with the word of warning. But, for one dose of physical, a thousand doses of moral poison are sold. We cannot even trust our theatrical audiences, though there are juries from each class, to decide what is good for them, and we have a censorship. But, unless a book is so brutally coarse as to come under Lord Campbell's Act, there is no check upon the vendor of garbage.—*Illustrated London News.*

Fixing the Price of a Bride in India.

The Indian Daily News gives an account of a social reform which has just been effected. It has hitherto been a custom among the Coles (Singhbhom) to sell daughters to bridegrooms—an institution peculiar to the race. The prices asked were so exorbitant (forty and fifty head of cattle being common) as to cause for some years past a falling off in the number of marriages and an increased immoral intimacy between the two sexes. Every district officer who has taken any interest in the Coles has endeavored to advise them to alter their custom on this point, but without success. Colonel Dalton, Commissioner of Chota Nagpore, now reports that the people have at last yielded their prejudices in regard to it. The evils resulting from the exorbitant demands for Cole ladies have been recently very frequent, and in taking the opinion of the most intelligent of the Coles as to devising a remedy, it was discovered that they themselves were prepared for a change, but that no person would take the initiative. The Commissioner, however, convened a punchayet, and it was resolved by all the mankis and leading men that the bride's pun or price in future was not to exceed ten head of cattle—this also was nominal, as the ten head will include a pair of oxen, a cow and seven rupees, and for the poor only seven rupees, without any cattle. The change is a very remarkable event in the history of the Coles.

Too Much for Him.

Our Southern brethren are as keenly alive to the grotesque incidents of the war, and as quick to put them in shape for general circulation, as we of the North. Shortly after Lee's surrender, one of his soldiers applied at the provost marshal's office in Danville, Va., to take the oath of allegiance. The marshal accordingly commenced reading the oath to him, and had nearly gotten through, when the Confederate roughly seized him by the arm, and simultaneously vociferated:

"Stop! stop, mister! stop, mister! Don't read the balance; for I'll be plagued if I can take it!"

Upon this the provost marshal, who had been nearly startled out of his seat by the Confederate's sudden grasp of his arm and sonorous tone, looked up and inquired what was his objections to the oath.

"Didn't you say," replied the Confederate, "that I must swear to support the Constitution?"

"Certainly, certainly, my friend," responded the provost marshal. "You must swear to support the Constitution of the United States if you take this oath of allegiance."

"Well, mister," said the Confederate, "now wouldn't I look like a fool to swallow that oath, for darn me if I can support my wife, three children, and the Constitution too!"

Color of the Spots on the Sun.

At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. S. Broughton said that, on recently observing with high powers a group of fine spots on the sun, one of which was of considerable magnitude, it occurred to him to remove the dark glass, and, by keeping the eye much beyond the focus of the heating rays, and at such a distance that the spot almost filled the apparent field of the eye-piece, to see if any phenomena could be observed different from those seen through the dark glass. The spot was at once seen to be of a dull blood red; but, thinking this perhaps might be from the strong contrast of color, he attached a disc of plaster of Paris to the telescope, and projected the image of the spot on it. On looking at this with a common pocket magnifier, the image was observed to be a dark blood red, although the observatory was not darkened, and the disc merely shielded from the direct rays by an intervening opaque substance. If these observations are confirmed, it will corroborate the opinion long held up that the spots are not black, but appear so by contrast, and as it would seem, from the intervention of the colored glass.

☞ Commissioner Capron, of the Agricultural Bureau, has abolished the system of distributing seeds, except so far as to furnish seed for experiment to those who desire to test them with a view to improving the products of the country.

☞ Married in Salt Lake City, 16th ult., in the presence of the Saints, Brigham Young to Mrs. J. R. Martin, Miss Emily Martin, Miss L. M. Pendergast, Mrs. R. M. Jenickson, Miss Susan P. Cleveland, all of the county of Berks, England. No cards.

☞ One of the largest tobacconists in New York, has made an estimate of his losses through his employees. What with the number of cigars smoked, carried away and sold surreptitiously, his annual loss reached the high figure of $15,000.

☞ In the most ably managed vessel the passenger must never be surprised to find a "mess" in the captain's cabin every day.

A Chinese Theatre.

Having made the acquaintance of a Chinese merchant, who, by the way, had resided for several years in California, and could speak English very well, I received from him an invitation to attend a Chinese Sing Sang—that is a Chinese performance at a theatre. The company was said to be a very excellent one from Canton, and their stay was limited to six nights only, so I determined to accept the invitation, and "be there to see." The performance commenced at 3 o'clock P. M., and continued until after midnight; and, in order to see the beginning, we started at half-past two o'clock; a ride of ten minutes in a sedan chair brought us to the theatre—or Sing Sang House, as it is called by the Chinese. Entering the building, we climbed up a flight of long stairs, and passing through a door, we stood in the auditorium of an elegant theatre. The building is of brick—an imposing one when looked at from the outside, and a well-arranged one. Within, the seats are arranged for 2,800 people, although 3,000 can be accommodated by the use of stools. The stage was large and roomy, and approached from behind by two large open spaces of arched doorways, covered with green and red cloth. Through one of these doors the actors entered, and after having done what they had to do, or said their say, they departed through the other door. The performance began soon after our arrival, and having been furnished with seats in a private box, we could watch it with as much pleasure as most Americans experience in witnessing the representation of an Italian opera. The play represented the life of a celebrated Prince who had lived many centuries ago, and who had been driven from his home by a rascally uncle who had killed his father, and endeavored to do the same to the Prince, who, however, had escaped the proposed favor by reason of a female slave overhearing the uncle arranging his plans. The Prince, having passed a number of years in a far-off part of the country, had learned the art of a necromancer, and gained a knowledge of certain secrets which promised to restore him to his rights if he returned to his home and played his cards well. The first and second nights of the play had passed away, and had been occupied in narrating the doings of the haughty uncle, and the third night having arrived, the nephew's return with dire intents to pester the aforesaid uncle was to be made the subject of delineation. These Chinese plays are strange affairs, lasting sometimes for several centuries. Fortunately the company which we had come to see could only remain six nights, so they had chosen a short piece occupying only the entire engagement. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the tumultuous scene which occasionally took place when the prince got the old rascally uncle on the hip. The scene in the Bowery Theatre when Kirby died was nothing to it. The actor representing the Prince was a young fellow, who turned all manner of somersaults and flip-flaps, and performed a number of very astonishing feats of juggiery. By some means he got into his uncle's house in the capacity of a servant, and while serving him with dinner displayed his dexterity. One or two of his tricks, which rather astonished me, I will mention:—He placed a dish of rice before the uncle, who helped himself to it, and as he raised it to his mouth, was dumbfounded to see every grain take wings and fly away like a hive of bees. The flies were swarming round the stage, when the Prince seized a gong and beat it with great vigor a few moments, during which the flies settled upon a ball that he had placed on the table. The juggler then placed his hat over the mass, and taking a knife, cut a small hole in the top of it, when a myriad of butterflies of every description came forth from under the hat, which was finally raised, when a large snake was found coiled upon the plate. These changes were made in such a manner as to defy detection, and won for the performer many encouraging shouts of "ah ya-a-a." After we had watched the play for some time, my companion rang a little bell that was upon a table in our box. It was answered by a servant, who, having received his instructions, departed to return in a short time with a supply of tea, sweetmeats and delicate pastry. On looking about the theatre, I found that persons in all parts of the house were eating and drinking, and discovered that the play had stopped for a time, perhaps to give the players an opportunity to get lunch. After an intermission of fifteen minutes the performance was resumed, and continued with occasional intermissions until midnight, but I became too tired to remain until the close, and as I did not go a second time, I cannot say whether the Prince recovered his ancestral estates or not.

What is Steel?

Many people may deem the question easy of answer, but it is really not so. It was long accepted as a truism in the art of science of metallurgy that steel is simply a carbide of iron—that is, a compound of carbon and iron, the former element being present in the compound to the extent of from one to one and a half per cent. This chemical definition is now quite superseded. Steel has become a generic term, and of the genus steel there are various species. Ordinary steel is carbon steel; but steely compounds of iron have been produced, which have the same general properties as ordinary steel, the carbon of which is replaced, either in whole or in part, by other chemical elements. Thus we have now tungsten steel, in which the metal tungsten is combined with the iron; maganese steel containing the metal maganese, and other steels containing chromium and titanium. In the cases just mentioned, the steel is invariably a compound of iron with another metal; it is, in short, an alloy. Other species or varieties, however, contain non-metallic bodies as the steel-generating materials. Carbon is one of these elements, and therefore it is but natural to suppose that such elements as closely resemble it in their chemical properties will be the most likely to serve in its stead. Silicon, or, as some modern chemist call it, silicium, the basis of silicia or flint, is one of the nearest chemical relatives of carbon. Well, the French chemists Caron has made silicon steel. Then there is the element, boron, full cousin, as it were, to carbon and silicon, the basis of ordinary borax.

Steel has recently been made in Glasgow of most extraordinary hardness and cutting power, when used for tools in turning operations. In one instance that has come to my knowledge, the tool did thirteen times the amount of cutting work of an ordinary tool of carbon steel. The process of making this new steel is at present kept secret, but there is reason to believe that it is boron steel.—*Once a Week.*

☞ There is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of our nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long gauge.

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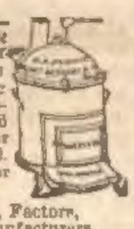

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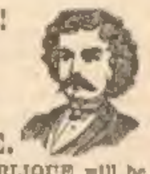

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Fat Contributor on a Farm.

I am deeply employed in agriculture at present, and charmed with every thing pertaining to it. The daily labors of my hired man are giving a vigor to my frame that I haven't known for years, bronzing my face with the ruddy hue of youthful toil. After observing him from my window for a couple of hours, as he follows the plow, it is astonishing what an appetite I have for dinner.

I attended a meeting of the "Farmers' Club," the other day, and was much interested in the suggestions offered. There is no formality about these meetings, every one being at liberty to present such facts and suggestions as he pleases.

This being the planters' season, discussion naturally laid in that direction. How to keep away worms from corn, was a prominent theme. H. O. Handle, of Remson, strongly recommended that seed corn be soaked in vitriol, so that instead of the worms eating up the corn the vitriol would eat up the worms.

I suggested that the corn be soaked in vermifuge, which is said to be a good thing to drive away worms.

Kurnel O'Korn, of Squash Bush, said he usually stuffed the worms with worm lozenges (of which they are passionately fond) while the corn is growing. Common gratitude keeps them from eating the corn after that.

The grub-worm was taken up and discussed. Some said ashes would fix him. Luke Coan, of Westmoreland, said the grubs on his farm liked ashes—got fat on it. He said he put ashes on every hill of corn in a ten-acre lot of it. The grubs went at the ashes and devoured it nearly as fast as they could put it on. That night he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door and great hallooing. It was the grubs. They had come up to the house in a body, demanding more ashes.

A farmer wanted to know the best protection against crows. Scarecrows are of no avail, now, he said. Since fashion prescribes such outrageous attire for men and women, scarecrows are too common. One man said he kept carrion in a lot adjoining his cornfield—for where the carrion is, there will the crows be, also. The only trouble is it makes the neighbors carry on about it.

There was considerable discussion as to the best way to put in corn. Some thought it should only be done late at night; but it was finally settled that eleven o'clock in the forenoon was the proper time. It being about that hour, the club adjourned to a grocery across the street and put in their "corn."

Spring gardening was discussed at some length. A farmer from Utica thought it would be better to do spring gardening in the fall when they weren't drove so.

The president of the club was requested to give his views about the proper way to make garden beds. He said it was something that he didn't worry about; he had the chambermaid make the beds.

The various kinds of patent rakes were commented upon. Farmer Bronson, of Clinton, who had lost an arm in service, said he raked his garden with "grape and canister." Farmer Donbeersley, of the same town, was of the opinion that four acres would "rake 'er down" every time. Somebody recommended mand-rakes.

The disease of cattle was a subject of discussion. For horn ails it was recommended to fill the horn with gunpowder and touch it off. Farmer Buell, of Whilisboro', said he used it for that complaint in his head, and he hadn't heard any complaint since. He said he had rather have a horn (of) ale himself than see his cattle suffer with it.

Iron was said to be an excellent tonic for cows. Dairymen use a great deal of it when they have chain pumps.

In trimming trees, it was decided that it was better to consult an experienced dressmaker. Dressmakers are posted in the spring style of trimming. Some people wouldn't know any better than to put lilac trimming on cherry trees, or cherry trimmings on lilac bushes. So am I, too.

It was remarked that trees, to do well, should be set out properly. An old farmer from Floyd said all the "setting out" his wife had when he married her was a featherbed, and he pointed triumphantly to nine boys and a gal whether she had done well or not.

Mr. Dankusmon, of Laidsville, said he wasn't much at setting out trees, but he could set out any feller in Oneida County sitting up with the gals. Motion adopted.

An honest old farmer from Vernon, Mr. Jordan, complained that the farming community were constantly being gulled by worthless patent rights. He had got his house full of patent churns and his barn full of patent forks, all of them worthless. A man sold him a churn the other day, warranted to bring butter (from any distance) in thirty seconds. He worked at it three days and three nights, and then had to have his butter brought from Utica, on the stage.

Farmer O'Spattern, of Hampton, made similar complaint. He said he was induced by promise of marriage to buy a patent lightning rod that was said to mow, husk corn, chop wood, fodder the cattle, and draw cider—all at the same time. He brought it home, but it hadn't done any thing but lay around the house and read novels ever since.

Club adjourned to meet next week at two o'clock. FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

A Funny Fight.

There was an American ship at Panama, not long ago, and the sailor-boys thought they would astonish the natives in the way of cock-fighting. They had a bald-eagle, which they transformed, by clipping of wings and ruthlessly pulling out of tail, into a rooster of the most ridiculous aspect imaginable. This nondescript animal was entered for a fight. The game-cocks have a way, when first placed in the ring, of crouching and pointing at each other. Then they advance across the intervening space, and meeting in the centre, with heads erect and fury in every movement, they fly at one another, each endeavoring to drive his long steel spur into the head or breast of his adversary. On this occasion the Panama bird, victor in many a well-fought battle, began operations tactics, while his clumsy adversary and paid dely where he had been placed, an easy victoryption to him. Anticipating advanced without joyous game-cock now one or two smart blownony, and delivering the aquiline features of somewhat damaged Sleepy, without taking the e; whereat old quietly reached out a claw, cauble to rise, warrior and pulled off his head! the frisky scientific but conclusive. This was

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

SWELL (*at the Civil Service Co-Operative Store*).—"Haw! I want two or three pound—bacon—and—aw—'blige me by doing it up like box—gloves or flowers, or something o' that sort!"

That Horse-Fly.

A number of boys met one morning at a place called the old "Road Hole," a circular marsh, with a small pond of water in the centre. Here was erected a building used for distilling oil of peppermint. This place was famous for the number and immense size of its mosquitos. One of the boys offered to lay a wager that he would strip to the skin, lie down on his face, and bear the attacks of the mosquitos for half an hour. The wager being promptly accepted, he prepared himself to pass through the terrible ordeal. The distillery had been used the evening previous, and there yet remained a few live coals in the fire-place. When he had lain about twenty minutes, the boy who bet with him took a small coal and laid it carefully on the back of the naked boy. He bore it for a moment, and then bounded to his feet, exclaiming, "By thunder, boys, I can stand the mosquitos, but that infernal horse-fly is too much for me."

How to Select Gems.

There is a beautiful superstition, which originated, we believe, in Poland, with regard to the choice of gems for wearing. It is that the month of the nativity of every individual has a mysterious connection with some one of the known precious stones. Hence the propriety, in the selection of presents, or for wear, of the adoption of those jewels belonging to the month which fate is imagined to have made significant. To illustrate: one born in the month of January, should wear *Garnet*, or *Jacynth*—those stones being understood to belong in their fated character to that month.

We subjoin the list showing every month, premising, that while it may not be new to all, we presume there are lady-readers who would like to have it in a complete form, as "handy in the house"

January—Jacynth or Garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—Amethyst. This month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions and insure them peace of mind.

March—Blood stone. Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—Sapphire and Diamond. Repentance and innocence.

May—Emerald. Success in love.

June—Agate. Long life and health.

July—Cornelian or Ruby. The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

August—Sardonyx. Conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite. Preserves from or cures Folly.

October—Aqua-marine or Opal. Misfortune and hope.

November—Topaz. Fidelity and friendship.

December—Turquoise or Malakite. The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the Turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard; as the old saying, that "he who possesses a Turquoise will always be sure of friends."

Boxing the Ears

Is an inexcusable brutality; many a child has been made deaf for life by it, because the "drum of the ear" is a membrane, as thin as paper, stretches like a curtain just inside the external entrance of the ear, there is nothing but air just behind it, and any violent concussion is liable to rend it in two, and the "hearing" is destroyed forever, because the sense of hearing is caused by the vibrations of this drum or "Tympanum."

"Picking the ears," is a most mischievous practice, in attempting to do this with hard substances, an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum and made it as useless as a pierced india rubber life preserver; nothing sharper or harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail paired, ought ever to be introduced into the ear, unless by a physician; persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the "wax" of the ear with the head end of a pin; this ought never to be done, first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed too far in, but if not so far, it may grate against the drum, excite inflammation and an ulcer which will finally eat all the parts away, especially of a scrofulous constitution; second, hard substances have often slipped in, and caused the necessity of painful, dangerous, and expensive operations to fish or cut out; third, the wax is manufactured by nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects, and unmodified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaly, light, and in this condition is easily pushed outside, by new formations of wax within. Occasionally wax may harden and may interfere with the hearing; but when this is the case, it is the part of wisdom to consult a physician and let him decide what is the matter and what the remedy; if one cannot be had, the only safe plan is to let fall into the ear three or four drops of tepid water, night and morning; the saliva is better still, for it is softer and more penetrating, but glycerine is far preferable to either; it is one of the blandest fluids in nature and very rapidly penetrates the hardened wax, cools the parts and restores them to a healthful condition; if in a week, there is not a decided improvement in the hearing, medical advice ought to be had at once, as next to the eye, the ear is the most delicate organ of the body.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"And He Passed to Shunem."

The words of my text, my hearers, you will find in II. Kings IV. chapter, verse 8.

"And he passed to Shunem."

Take to heart the lesson our text teaches, and when temptations try you, and evils lie in wait to ensnare you, "pass to Shun'em."

When you see men of wrath fighting and breaking heads and sticks, and hear them cursing and swearing—mind the words of the text, and "pass on to Shun'em."

And, oh! my hearers—if you should come into one of our little towns and behold a row of nice little offices with tin signs on the doors of each, and hear men talking of attachments without affections, and sequestrations without quiet—ah, and seize—yours and never theirs—ah, and about eternally going to law—ah, it will be to your profit to mind the words of the prophet, and "pass on to Shun'em."

And if you go round where the merchants are—ah—and they rush out to shake hands with you, are especially anxious to learn the condition of your wife's health and the children's and the worms and the crops, and offer to sell you a little bill of goods a good deal lower than their cost, on account of their love for you, and for cash—ah—"pass on to Shun'em."

And if you should happen to go to the Cosmopolitan Corner—and see men drinking beer, that will bring them to a bier—and gin-slings that will sling down the strongest, and smashes that will smash a man's fortune faster than commission merchants who advanced supplies on the last crop—ah—oh, "pass on to Shun'em."

But, oh, my hearers! if you should go down to New Orleans—than modern Sodom and Gomorrah, where I have lately been—ah—and when the gas-lights are flashing, and, ah, glimmering, and the cabs are dashing along the streets—and obliging drivers are offering to carry you where only steamboat captains and the first gentlemen go—ah—and St. Charles street is on a rip and a roar—ah—and the brass bands are crashing music from balconies—and men in little holes are ready to sell you little tickets to go in and see the Black Crooks dance with nothing to wear—and make spectacle of themselves—ah—oh, my friends, "pass on to Shun'em."

And, oh! if later in the evening, with a very particular friend—you go up stairs into most splendidly-furnished rooms—ah—and see the supper-table spread with delicacies from every clime and country—and teal-ducks and snipes and yeller-legged pullets and pheasants, and all that fish, flesh and fowl can afford—and champagne and brandy, and Burgundy and Chateau Lafitte, older than Waterloo—and nothing to pay and all free—and a nice gentleman with rings on his fingers, and a diamond breastpin, playing with little spotted pasteboards, and another turning a machine and dropping in a little ball that rolls round and round and stops sometimes on the eagle-bird, and oftener don't—and when the players put down more than they take up—and men sometimes win, but mostly don't—ah—oh, "pass on to Shun'em."

And in conclusion, my friends, when the world, the flesh, and the devil—ah—lie in wait for you—"pass on to Shun'em."

Aphorisms from the Talmud.

For man who has been ruined by woman, there is no law and no judge.

When the axe already touches thy neck, still hope in God's saving grace.

Hang the sweetest grass round a pig's neck, it will still go and wallow in the mire.

When the jackal has his day, make him a bow.

He who rents one garden, may eat birds; who rents many, the birds will eat him.

Eat below your means, dwell according to your means, but spend on your wife and children above your means.

First understand, then argue.

Man was created on the last day; even the gnat has a more ancient lineage.

He who throws out suspicions, should at once be suspected himself.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Cattle Disease.

The assumption that cattle from Texas or any other section, apparently healthy themselves, should leave on the ground over which they pass, or in the water of a stream where they drink, a poison or anything that causes a deadly disease in native cattle, is one which many cattle dealers and butchers in this market are unwilling to admit. That the seeds or germs of fevers and other diseases of the human family may lurk in the clothing of nurses, is a fact more readily admitted and more easily accounted for.

To admit that there is much mystery about the present cattle disease does not explain the facts which have been observed for years by people at the West, who have had a dear-bought experience with the "Spanish Fever." In 1865, eight hundred Texan cattle were driven into Mississippi county, Arkansas, and scattered throughout the county without producing the disease. The fact that these sections lie on the Mississippi river, and in a *miasmatic* region, is suggested as the reason for the none-development of the disease. We copy from the official Agricultural Report the following communication from Col. J. Wilkerson, originally published in the Southern Cultivator:—

"I have been a cattle dealer for twenty-five or thirty years, and in that time have had many a death among my stock by this disease, and have in consequence taken some notice, meanwhile endeavoring to learn its causes and how it was brought about. I notice that cattle scarcely ever take the fever if let remain where they were raised, and I am fully convinced it is generally brought on by a change of climate. For instance, you take cattle from the mountain country to the low country and they will take the fever in a short time and die, but their disease will not affect the cattle raised there; but, on the other hand, take cattle raised in what we call a distempered part of our country—that is, the low country—from warm latitudes, up into a colder one, they will themselves improve all the time; but, without being sick themselves, they will spread the fever and kill the cattle in the section of country into which they are taken, till they travel on, or stay, or have stayed long enough for the fever to leave the system. I have been in the habit of driving cattle from Florida to Virginia, and found my cattle to improve and do well; but after I passed the line of 34 degrees, they began to spread the fever all along the line of travel among the stock raised in that section of the country, till I struck the line of Virginia, which is a distance of about 250 miles, then it ceased, and all went on well. I suppose the reason for its stopping was, that my cattle had been out of the low country long enough to become acclimated. Hence, I think the disease is originated from a change of climate, either from a colder to a warmer climate, or taking them from a warm climate to a more cool and healthy one. How it is that they carry the disease with them, and give it to others without injury to themselves, is a mystery I am not able to solve, and will leave that to be discussed by the bureau of investigation."

The following case is given by the Prairie Farmer:

"Last fall a herd of Cherokee cattle (85 head) were brought into Champaign County and placed on a farm with a herd of native cattle (38 head.) They were fed together all winter and through this season so far. This herd was out of the track of the later Texas cattle, but on the 15th of July they were brought up on to the prairie where such had passed, and are still kept. About the third of August the natives began to die, and when we were there, 20 were dead and all the others sick, while the Texas cattle were all healthy and hearty, right among them, showing plainly that cattle wintered over do not communicate the disease, or contract it."

As illustrative of the opinion that native cattle do not communicate the disease to other native cattle, the Prairie Farmer says:

"Post mortem examination has been made of a cow near the stock yards, which showed all the outward symptoms. The examination showed a most marked case of the disease. On further inquiry about the yards, we learned that a large number of cows which had ranged the prairies about there had died, while those in inclosures were safe and well. One instance was that of the proprietor of the Hough House, who has thirty-five cows which have been in a fenced lot joining the stock-yards on one side, and the prairie on two other sides, where the Texas cattle have been pastured. These cattle are all safe and well, as are those of another lot nearly similiarly situated.

RECEIPTS.

APPLE JELLY.—Boil your apples in water till they are quite to a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every pint of the juice put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. This jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot; skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

GREENGAGES.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest when they begin to get soft are the best; split them, and take out the kernels and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

RICE POUND CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and twelve eggs. Mix and bake in a papered hoop. If it is required with fruit, put two pounds of currants, three-quarters of a pound of peel, one nutmeg grated, and a little pounded mace.

MOCK OYSTERS.—To three grated parsnips add three eggs; one teacup sweet cream; butter, half the size of an egg; one teaspoon salt; three tablespoons flour; fry as griddle cakes.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 65 letters.

My 51, 5, 53, 11, 28, 15, was the tenth muse.
My 18, 52, 36, 9, was one of the dynasties of China.
My 59, 50, 1, 29, 64, 48, was a King of Lombardy.
My 30, 61, 56, 20, 17, 37, was a son of Ham.
My 60, 35, 24, 46, 58, 9, was a reformer.
My 42, 62, 33, 57, 4, 65, 58, 30, was a King of Prussia.
My 6, 23, 43, 52, was the founder of Troy.
My 14, 44, 38, 21, 12, was the muse who presided over poetry.
My 2, 18, 49, 23, 54, 19, 48, 24, 3, was a King of England.
My 49, 55, 60, 32, 7, 34, was a son of Priam.
My 31, 10, 16, 9, 26, was an ancient naval commander.
My 8, 13, 10, 37, 41, 63, 23, 51, is a province of Belgium.
My 60, 25, 35, 47, 39, is a game at cards.
My 18, 27, 40, 45, 1, is a river of Europe.
My whole was the consequence of a great battle. C. H. CRAMER.

Tiffin, Ohio.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 1, 20, 9, 19, 29, 6, is the region of the air.
My 13, 28, 22, 24, 14, 21, 11, is a narration of facts respecting nations.
My 26, 8, 22, 24, 2, 21, is a near relation.
My 9, 23, 16, 24, 14, 21, is a shepherd.
My 13, 7, 15, 4, 24, is a game at cards.
My 27, 5, 17, 30, 11, is a bay of North America.
My 10, 25, 17, is a useful article.
My 18, 8, 22, 14, is not difficult.
My whole is a truthful proverb.
"BILL FRIENDLY."

Harrison, Ohio.

Rebus.

A country in Europe.
One of the United States.
A country in Africa.
A city in Asia.
A river in North America.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A town in New York.
A river in Europe.
A town in Ohio.

My initials form the name of an outlaw, who, with his band, once infested England.
AMANDA PENROSE.

Arithmetical Question.

Two brothers, namely John and William, received one day from their father, each a certain sum of money, the one as much as the other, to begin the world with, as it is said. Each one of them invested it in such business that each one's stock increased unto its possessor yearly one-third. The old stock, together with its increase, forming annually a new stock; deducting what was spent by each one individually. Now the expenses of John amounted yearly to $284.71½; while William, more economical than his elder brother, did only spend $141.34½. At the end of 3 years and 9 months, it was found that John had only $8.14½ of his stock and increase left. What was William worth at that time?
PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Two men, A and B, are on a straight road, on the opposite sides of a gate, and distant from it 308 yards and 237 respectively, and travel each toward the original station of the other. How long must they walk till their distances from the gate will be equal, A travelling 2½ yards, and B 2 yards per second? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ "Sambo, why am dat nigger down dar in de hole of de boat like a chicken in de egg?" "I gives um up." Ans.—"Because he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch."

☞ Why is a thief like a certain household utensil? Ans.—Because he is a *basc'un* (basin.)

☞ What is that which Adam never saw, though each of his children had two? Ans.—Parents.

☞ Who is a man in advance of his time? Ans.—One who has been knocked into the middle of next week.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Cream. RIDDLE—The Riddler.

JENNY LIND'S SOUP.—This is really the soup which was constantly prepared for Jenny Lind by her own cook. It is not an expensive article, being composed of sago, eggs, and cream, upon a basis of veal or beef stock. We give the recipe in full: Wash a quarter of a pound of the best pearl sago until the water poured from it is clear; then stew it quite tender in water or thick broth (it will require nearly or quite a quart of liquid, which should be poured on it cold, and heated very slowly); then mix gradually with it a pint of good boiling cream, and the yolks of four fresh eggs, and mingle the whole carefully with two quarts of strong veal or beef stock, which should always be kept ready boiling. Mlle. Lind was in the habit of taking this soup before she sang, as she found the sago and eggs soothing to the chest, and beneficial to the voice.

A PLAIN LEMON PUDDING.—The juice and peel of two lemons, the peel to be rubbed off with lumps of sugar; six ounces of loaf-sugar pounded (excepting what has been used for the lemon peel), a good-sized teacupful of grated bread crumbs; whilst these are soaking together, beat up four eggs, leaving out two of the whites; melt one ounce of fresh butter, and mix all the above ingredients well together. Edge and trim a dish with puff paste; pour in the above mixture, and bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

TO TAKE FRESH INK STAINS OUT OF LINEN, CARPETS, &C.—Get a basin of cold milk, skim milk is best, and sponge the places with it; when this has been done thoroughly, rinse the sponge in water and wash the milk out of the carpet, &c., with warm water, then rub it with a cloth. Dry ink stains and iron mould can be removed from uncolored things by means of oxalic acid or salts of lemon. After using the acid the things should be washed out immediately, as any excess of acid will rot them.